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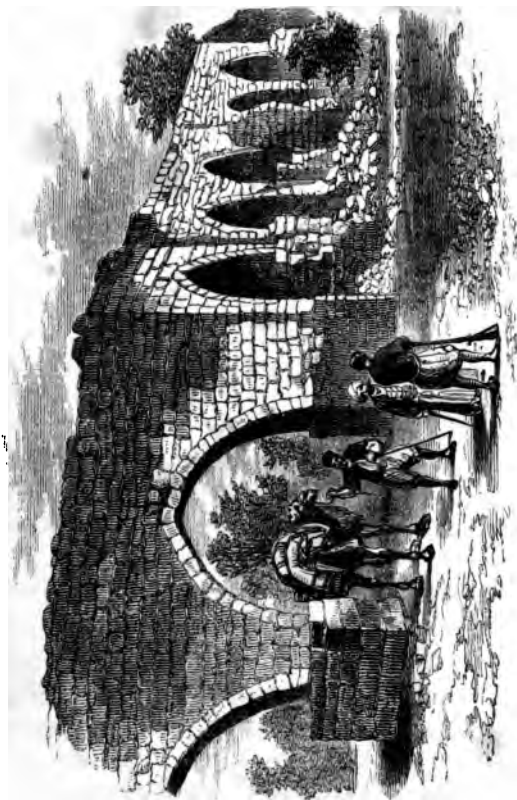
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A
PICTORIAL TOUR
IN THE
HOLY LAND.



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ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT JERICHO.

A
PICTORIAL TOUR
IN
THE HOLY LAND.

BY THE
REV. ALBERT AUGUSTUS ISAACS, M.A.,
OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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Illustrated from Photographs taken on the spot by the Author.  
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PREFACE.

THE following pages are the substance of several lectures which I have given in reference to the Holy Land. I have been repeatedly urged to publish an account of my visit, but have hitherto been deterred from doing so, not only because so many books have been written on the subject, but because the great cost of publishing too generally makes any undertaking of the kind a matter of loss to the author, rather than an advantage.

I have now been induced to prepare this work from unexpected facilities being afforded me of elaborately illustrating it, and at the same time issuing it in a very cheap form. The execution of these illustrations is not only unexceptionable, but when it is known that they have all been most carefully drawn from the photographs which I took on the spot, their value is manifest.

An undying interest is associated with all that concerns the past, the present, and the future.

of the Holy Land. It is the land of the Bible, and as such it is more or less familiarized to the minds of persons of every class. This may, in the main, account for the avidity with which every book is read which is written on the subject. But, at the same time, it must be evident that every traveller views his subject from a somewhat different point. He probably sees things under a new aspect, and above all, his own progress is connected with different incidents, and his own observations made under different circumstances. A freshness and originality may thus be thrown over scenes which we have often visited in imagination, and of which we have been wont constantly to hear and to read.

I am also convinced, that when we have been in any way enabled to exercise the pictorial art, it increases vastly those powers of observation which add to the force and the correctness of a narrative. As far as I am concerned, I am persuaded that I should not have had such clear impressions concerning the scenes which I have visited, had it not been for the use which I have been enabled to make of the photograph and the pencil.

But in addition to this, I enjoyed peculiar advantages from my previous acquaintance with most of the Europeans residing, at the time of my visit, in the Holy Land. Even in those cases

in which we were only known to each other by name, there was no barrier to familiar and immediate intercourse. I have, therefore, not only cause to acknowledge the utmost kindness and hospitality which I universally received, but also the aid and companionship of many gifted and well-informed residents, without whose co-operation I could not possibly have accomplished all that I did.

I trust that this unpretending little volume will be profitable as well as interesting to the reader. The theme of which it treats may well excite attention; and I think it likely that much will be found in it which has been left unnoticed by other works which have hitherto been published on the subject.

A. A. ISAACS.

Bath.

** * * Photographic views of Jerusalem and Hebron, as well as those taken within the precincts of the great mosque at Jerusalem, may be obtained of the author.*

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A PICTORIAL

TOUR IN THE HOLY LAND.

CURIOUS and interesting was the scene which the foredeck of our good steamer "the Cheliffe" presented on the 9th of November, 1856, when pursuing her voyage between Alexandria and Jaffa. Every part of it was crowded with a motley assemblage of Mohammedans, Syrians, Jews, Christians, and indeed with representatives of all the nations of the East. Some were on a mission of business, others were on a pilgrimage to the Holy City; while the manner and appearance of not a few served to indicate that pleasure was their only object.

Here and there, were some unrolling their quilts, and making themselves as comfortable as they could under rather disagreeable circumstances; groups were collected together in other parts, engaged in vociferous conversation; while Mohammedans, regardless of the crowd around them, or of the constant interruptions, were spreading their mats, and occupying themselves in their devotions.

About half-past five in the afternoon a strong wind sprang up from the north-west. Our captain looked grave at this; and I knew full well that it

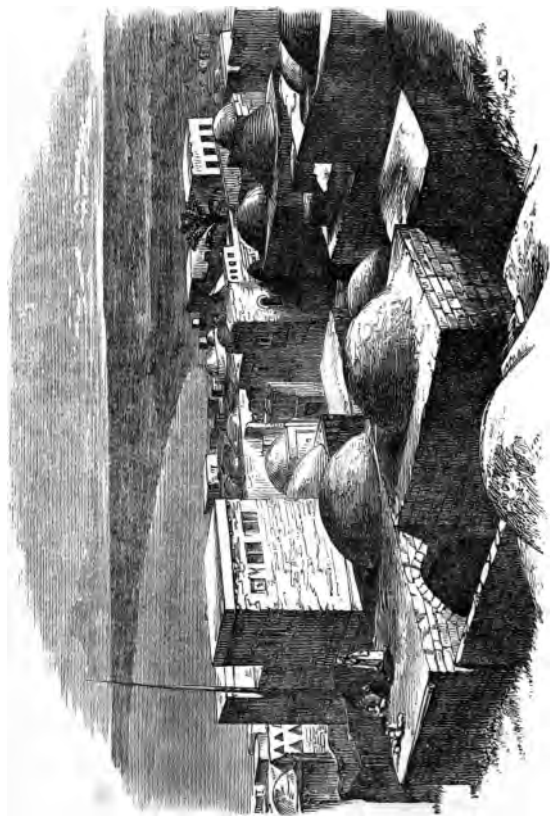
might occasion us no little inconvenience and perplexity. A high wind from that quarter in particular would render it unsafe for our vessel to anchor off Jaffa. In such a case we should have to proceed to Beyrout; we should then have before us all the delay, uncertainty, and expense of getting as well as we could to Jerusalem.

"This looks bad for us, Captain," I observed to our commander.

"Yes," he replied; "unless this wind goes down we cannot stop at Jaffa."

Our only resource and comfort was to commend our desires to Him who "bringeth the wind out of His treasures." It was not without some measure of anxiety that we retired to rest.

Soon after midnight I was aroused by a great deal of noise and bustle on deck. There seemed little doubt that we were about to cast anchor in the long-desired haven. I looked through the cabin window, and by the light of the moon not only was Jaffa as well as the coast distinctly visible, but I could even trace in the background the distant mountains of Judea. In the gracious providence of God, the wind had subsided about an hour before we arrived at this point, and it was now a perfect calm. Well might this excite our thankfulness. Although I slept no more that night, yet I determined not to go on deck until the full light of day would enable me thoroughly to survey this part of the Land of Promise.



JAFFA, WITH VIEW TOWARDS THE NORTH.

Jaffa is most picturesquely situated upon a conical hill, which rises with striking prominence above the surrounding undulating country. From the sea it has an imposing appearance, and many of the buildings are of considerable size. But the narrow and dirty streets soon dispel all expectations of a similar comeliness within. Even the bazaars and shops are inferior to what might be expected from a town of such comparative importance. Frequently as many as a dozen ships and steamers may be seen in these roads, taking in cargoes of grain and olive oil, all of which are exported from the country.

One of the missionaries, the Rev. D. Hefter, had come down from Jerusalem for the purpose of meeting our party. With him we landed, and the ladies as well as ourselves had to submit to the process of being carried in the arms and on the backs of stalwart Arabs from the boats to the landing place. The sinew and strength of these men are wonderful. One of them passed a cord around my luggage, which weighed full two-and-a-half cwt., and swinging the whole over his shoulders, walked up vigorously the steep ascent leading to the little hotel at which we took up our quarters.

Although my visit to the country was a private one, undertaken at my own expense, yet there were several important objects to be attained to which I had engaged to give a helping hand. The most interesting of these was the proposal to purchase land in the neighbourhood of Jaffa for the establishment of an

agricultural settlement for Jewish converts. We were well aware that the difficulties to the accomplishment of this were great—not only because the tenure of land by a foreigner is uncertain, but also because the authorities, and even the sellers, are characteristically wont to place many obstacles in the way.

Accompanied by Mr. Hefter, I rode out on a tour of inspection of the gardens and farms by which Jaffa is surrounded. Among those visited was one belonging to Mr. Dixon, an American. He showed me a variety of productions in proof of the extreme fruitfulness of the soil. Among these was the *durrah*, a round grain, which is produced in large tufts, and which is called the guinea-corn in the West Indies. It doubtless was the "parched corn," which David took to his brethren when they were fighting against the Philistines. One crop had been produced from it. The plants had then been cut down, and I saw a good crop on the stalks of the new plants. Nothing could more satisfactorily demonstrate the extreme fertility and vigour of the soil. I regret to add, that about a twelvemonth after this a number of natives, in the expectation of robbing him of a large sum of money, which they thought was concealed in the house, attacked this place, murdered Mr. Dixon's son-in-law, and after grievously ill-treating the rest of the household, decamped. Although the miscreants were secured and made to suffer the just punishment of their deeds, yet it led Mr. Dixon and his family to leave for America.

We afterwards visited a small farm which had been bought by Sir Moses Montefiore for the employment of Jews. It was when we were riding to this spot, that we were met by Mr. Steinbach, a German, who mentioned that he knew of a *beyara*, or cultivated garden, which was for sale. We managed to get access to this, which was about the finest *beyara* in the neighbourhood of Jaffa. Never shall I forget the beauty of the scene which presented itself. The garden covered about nine acres, all planted with orange, citron, lemon, apple, pear, pomegranate, peach, date-palm, and a variety of other fruit trees. About half of it consisted of an orange plantation, the trees of which at that time were covered with their golden fruit. These were all of the largest and finest kind (called the *shamouti* orange), for which Jaffa is unequalled. I have never seen anything to be compared with it in any other part of the world.

This was part of the property which I eventually acquired for the "Palestine Model Farm;" and as the brevity of this narrative will preclude any account of my second visit to Jaffa, I may here mention the circumstances under which the purchase was made.

It was all-important that my object should not be known, so as to prevent difficulties being thrown in the way. I therefore waited until I could consult on the subject with our friends at Jerusalem. Among these was Dr. Rosen, the Prussian Consul, who

kindly undertook to make inquiries through his agent at Jaffa. In this way arrangements were made for the sale of this and an adjoining property, without my appearing in the matter. Dr. Rosen then most considerately accompanied me from Jerusalem to Jaffa, affording me at that time the opportunity of seeing the domestic life of the upper class of natives, in a way which would otherwise have been altogether unattainable.

A very important point had to be settled: this was the manner in which the property might be transferred to me as the representative of the Committee in England. A considerable amount of property has passed into the hands of Europeans resident in Syria, but the manner in which their title to it is secured is not such as to satisfy the English mind. The title-deeds are drawn up in the name of a native (probably the servant of the purchaser), and these deeds are handed over to the person who pays the purchase money. It is manifest that difficulties might arise in establishing such a right.

At that time the celebrated law, or *Hatti-hamayoun*, had been passed in Turkey, permitting foreigners to hold landed property in the Turkish dominions without sacrificing their nationality. This invested the Cadhi, or Mohammedan judge, with a power, which, up to that time, had not been exercised. The question was whether he would act on the new law, and convey the property to me in my own name. This

was most satisfactorily settled, and arrangements were made for the Cadhi to hold his court at the house of Mr. Murad, the Prussian agent, so as to go through all the legal formalities.

Previous to this, a party of us, including Dr. Rosen and Mr. Manuel Calees, the seller, rode out to the farm, and having inspected all the property with regard to which the terms had been arranged, we repaired to the flat roof of one of the buildings. There, the first part of the day's proceedings was performed. Hanging one of the large keys of the premises upon another, Mr. Calees approached me and asked whether I had duly examined the property which he wished to sell. The reply in the affirmative led him next to inquire whether I wished to become the purchaser. On assenting to this, he stated the sum for which the farm was to be sold, and asked me whether these terms would suit me. This point being agreed to, he handed to me the keys, declaring that from that time the property was mine. It will be easily conceived that it was with no little intensity of feeling that I took my part in these proceedings, and received the greetings of the servants, and others, as the new "Sahib" of the Beyara.

We then returned to the residence of Mr. Murad, at which the Cadhi had assembled with his suite and other functionaries. A sketch was drawn up, specifying the nature of the property, the terms on which it was to be sold, and the negotiations entered into for

its purchase. This was accompanied by several questions put to me by the Cadhi, among which was the inquiry, whether I had every reason to believe that no attempt had been made to defraud or deceive me. Having expressed my perfect confidence in all that had been done, the Cadhi then declared that all the conditions of the sale had been fulfilled, and that the property was now to be considered mine, on the required payment being made. This was accompanied by various oriental salutations, that from the seller being accompanied by the declaration that he would not have sold his little estate for double the sum agreed on, had it not become to him a matter of necessity. Thus terminated the most interesting, and it may be, in its future results, the most important transaction of my life. It is, up to this time, the isolated case in which a transfer of property has been made on these terms. An order was subsequently received from Constantinople to suspend the execution of any other title-deeds on the same basis. These records are now in the possession of the Committee of the Institution.

This Association has been the instrument of carrying out another interesting step. This is the introduction of a wheeled conveyance into the country. A small cart had been used at Jerusalem for carrying stones in the erection of the new Austrian Hospice; but, with that exception, no vehicle whatever has been known in the country. No little excitement, therefore, was occasioned at Jaffa by the appearance

of a light cart, and the manager of the farm accomplished what appeared to the inhabitants the extraordinary feat of driving through the narrow streets of the town without any accident.

The new buildings which have been erected on the property, being situated on an eminence, form a complete landmark, and are visible to vessels at sea even sooner than Jaffa itself. When Prince Alfred arrived there, the officers of his ship rode out to see them, under the impression that they were a part of a fort.

On our return to Jaffa, we went to see the traditional house of Simon the tanner. The house belongs to a Mohammedan, but he has been thoroughly indoctrinated with the idle traditions of the Latin and Greek Churches. With the utmost gravity he showed us the room in which Simon Peter lived, and pointed out a fragment of wall which he assured us was the place on which Peter was lying when he saw the heavenly vision. On our expressing our incredulity (for the house itself cannot be very ancient), he vouched warmly for the truth of his statement, supporting it by the fact that Christians (?) were in the habit of coming there to prostrate themselves before the house and thus to worship. Mr. Hefter had the opportunity of showing him the difference between a real and a spurious Christianity, to which he listened with patient attention. The Latin and Greek priests pay him a small sum for showing the house, while they appropriate

the chief part of the fees which they receive from the luckless pilgrims.

The next evening, about six o'clock, we started for Jerusalem. It was a bright moonlight night, and a large caravan of pilgrims having preceded us, we knew that the way would be safe. We might thus have travelled all night, but some of our party having stopped at Ramleh, we did not wish to leave them behind. There was something very solemnizing in riding over the plains of Sharon by night, and endeavouring to realize by the bright light of an eastern moon the scenes and events of its past history. We reached Ramleh at half-past nine, passing, a short distance from the town, the high tower, which was probably built by the Crusaders.

It is usual for travellers to stop here at the Latin convent, but we had managed to obtain an introduction from the Abbot of the Armenian convent at Jaffa, to his colleague at Ramleh. We knew that this would secure us better accommodation, but on arriving at the entrance of the convent, and knocking, it was evident that all the inmates had retired for the night. Our muleteer thundered away at the gate, as almost to alarm us, and certainly to excite no little commotion among the dogs of the town. At last a little window was opened, overlooking the entrance, and a head appeared. The inquiry was then made by the awakened porter as to what we wanted, and on our saying that we were in possession of an introductory letter, a little basket was let down, by

means of a cord, and freighted with the said missive. This was found to be satisfactory; the gates were unbarred, and our company entered. We were introduced into a clean upper room, altogether unfurnished, in which we were to lodge for the night. It possessed the great advantage of cleanliness, for which the Armenians have a great reputation. Our attendant brought in some small mattresses for our use. After partaking of the simple food with which we had provided ourselves, it was not long ere we spread these, with our blankets and quilts, on the raised floor, and were sound asleep.

Early in the morning we were all mounted and pursuing our way, there being nothing to attract us in the wretched streets of the ancient Arimathea. About three miles to the north we could distinctly see Lyd, or the ancient Lydda. This I subsequently visited with Dr. Rosen. The remains of an old church there, which bears the evidence of belonging to the time of the Crusaders, are very interesting.

The rest of the plain country was traversed, and we entered on the mountains of Judea. Here we were obliged to ride singly along the rough and rocky bridle paths. The whole country at that time of the year had a very bare and unsightly appearance. The hills in particular seemed to be one mass of limestone rock, arranged most curiously in regular strata, from the base to the summit. But barren as they appeared, it is an undoubted fact that in no part of the world is there a district so well fitted for the

cultivation of the olive and the vine. These rich and valuable productions may be cultivated in greater perfection on these desolate mountains than in any other land.

About 11.30 we arrived at a fine oak-tree, which I denominated "The Traveller's Rest." One lady of the party being so unwell as to excite some apprehension, it was arranged that Mr. Hefter and I should ride onward, in order to obtain assistance. Happily this was not necessary; but we rode at a rapid pace, galloping down many precipitous roads, at a rate that would have imperilled our necks on any other but the sure-footed little Arab horses. I need only notice, on the route, Abergooosh, a most picturesquely situated village, the head-quarters of a powerful native sheik. The lofty conical hills and fine valleys of this mountain range are here seen to great advantage. We also observed in the village the ruins of a Christian church, and in the distance, on the summit of one of the most lofty hills, a tower, built by Mehemet Ali, as a station for watching against marauders.

Approaching Jerusalem, we passed Colonia, the ancient Emmaus, very pleasantly situated in a valley surrounded with vineyards, and some orange groves. Beyond it was the last steep ascent ere we reached the city. From the summit we saw, stretching out to the north, the magnificent valley of Elah, or of the Terebrinths, where Israel fought against the Philistines, and David slew Goliath. Mr. Hefter pointed out the spot, near the village of Lifta, at which, during the

summer months, the Europeans in Jerusalem were wont to encamp.

The usual entrance from this side into the Holy City is by the Jaffa Gate. Mr. Hefter had, however, planned that I should see it from a more imposing point of view. We therefore took a circuit, riding through some gardens and over rocky hills, and passing the celebrated ash-hills. There is much debate as to the origin of these vast mounds. It is contended by some that they are the remains of the sacrifices which were offered in the temple; others regard them as the *débris* of some soap manufactories which at one time existed in Jerusalem. Then the substances have been analyzed with different results. Some celebrated analytical chemists have professed to discover in these ashes the undoubted evidences of their being associated with animal life. Others, on the contrary, deny the hypothesis. Their distance from the city would be an objection to the idea of their being connected with the soap manufactories. While admitting that the walls of ancient Jerusalem extended so far, a difficulty would arise in the fact that the hills are in the north, while the temple was on the east side of the city.

We rode through an olive-grove, the trees of which were at that time covered with their purple fruit, and ascending a gentle eminence, we looked down upon the Holy City. Who could behold it without emotion, especially when personal as well as historic memories overwhelmed the mind with mingled feelings! We

gazed for some moments in solemn silence on the scene before us. In the background was the Mount of Olives, and in the far distance the Mountains of Moab, becoming more and more lustrous under the rays of the declining sun. In the foreground was the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the theatre of constant discord among conflicting sects; and farther back was the elegant dome of the great mosque, erroneously called that of Omar. How well I knew that on that site once rose the glorious temple, which had been built according to a Divine decree, and where dwelt the Shekinah of the Divine glory!

We rode slowly into the city through the Damascus Gate, and at once proceeded to Mr. Hefter's house. Left for a short time alone, I opened my pocket Greek Testament, in the hope of finding at a glance some text that might harmonize with my feelings and thoughts. My eyes at once rested on Matt. xxiii. 38, 39, "*Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.*" I had been looking down on Jerusalem in her widowhood and in her desolation. I had seen the spot where once the incense rose up before God, and the sacrifices were offered in His name, now occupied by the mosque and followers of the false prophet. And I knew that the children of Jerusalem were still in banishment—wanderers and outcasts among the nations of the world. But here was the Divine voice,

declaring that a mighty change should pass over the scene, and that restored and converted Israel should greet their returning Messiah with the believing exclamation, "*Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.*"

Now that we have arrived at Jerusalem, my object will be to ask the company of my readers while we proceed to investigate the objects of interest which are to be found within and without "the city of the great King." And I can only wish for them, should a visit become to any of them not merely a matter of imagination but a happy reality, that they may be favoured with such guidance and explanations as those which I experienced by means of many kind and able friends.

We must first ascend the Mount of Olives, from the summit of which we look eastward upon the Dead Sea, whose blue waters at eventide lie motionless and serene in the midst of the surrounding mountains. A green fringe of woodland indicates the course of the Jordan for one or two miles as it flows into the sea. The intervening hills have a most remarkable appearance. They form part of the wilderness of Judea, and are altogether unclothed by wood or verdure. Their outline is beautifully varied and broken, and cannot be better represented than by a piece of paper crushed firmly in the hand, with all its jagged irregularities and peaks.


But we turn westward towards Jerusalem, looking from the most northern of the three gentle peaks

which form the Mount of Olives. Farther to the right is Scopas, on which the armies of the Romans were encamped at the time of the great siege by Titus.

There is something solemnly grand in this view of Jerusalem. The very bareness of its circumvallation adds to the imposing character of its situation. The rocks stand out with rugged prominence, and the deep valleys are almost entirely unconcealed by trees of any sort. Here and there a grove of olives is to be seen. A few fig mingle with those which are scattered over the side of the Mount of Olives, and in the city at a few spots a date palm may be observed. There is nothing to hide the whole plan of the city from the eye, with its domes and minarets, its lofty walls and its distinct divisions. Doubtless its sacred associations must intensify the feelings and perceptions of the beholder. But withal, it may be said, that for grandeur and solemn impressiveness it has not its like in the world.

The middle peak of the Mount of Olives is the most lofty. There is to be seen the old Church of the Ascension, built on the spot, tradition says, from which our Lord ascended. From the Moslem village a minaret rises, which is a good landmark for the neighbouring country.

In descending the mount we observe a Greek priest acting as guide to a group of pilgrims belonging to his Church. They are prostrating themselves before certain stones, which are placed at intervals



on the ascent of the mount. These, say they, mark the spots at which each passage of the Apostles' Creed was recited by its great authors! We shall have occasion to notice again the impositions practised by them and the priests of the Latin and other corrupt Churches, upon the many thousands of pilgrims who frequent the Holy Land.

At the foot of the mount we reach the Garden of Gethsemane, which is surrounded by a high wall. Within this enclosure are to be seen the large old olive trees which have given a peculiar celebrity to the spot. These are said to be the identical trees which were there in the time of our Lord. But although the olive tree is supposed to retain life and vigour to an almost indefinite age, the chief objection to this theory arises from the fact that Titus ordered all the trees to be cut down at the siege of Jerusalem. It is not likely that those at Gethsemane were spared; although, as the olive throws out fresh shoots from the roots, these may be the scions of the original trees.

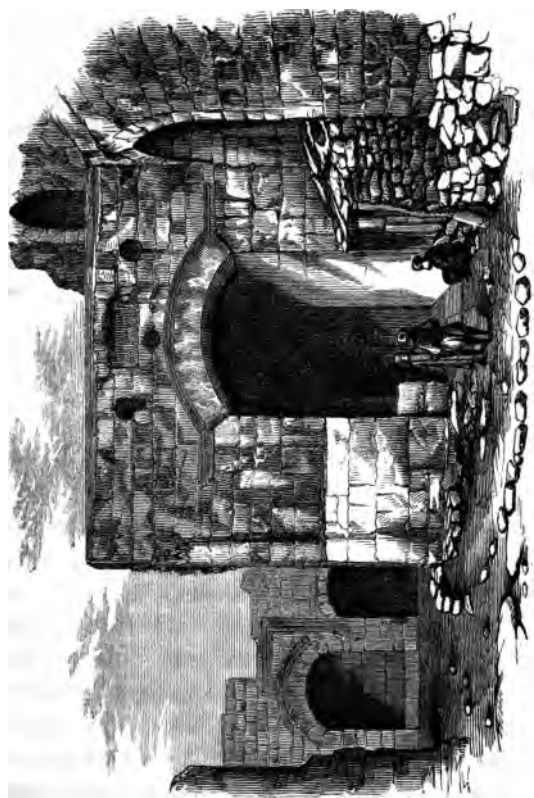
By this enclosure the path over the Mount of Olives, and the usual riding road to Bethany, pass. The formation of the ground leads to the belief that the public roads must have always been here; and it is, therefore, objected by some that the Garden of Gethsemane must have occupied a more retired spot. Hence some localize it rather higher up the valley. The Roman Catholics, or Latins, have obtained possession of the ground, and surrounded it by the wall already adverted to.

Close to the garden we descend a flight of steps, at the foot of which is the structure called "the Tomb of the Virgin." It is a kind of chapel, occupying the reputed site of the tomb of Mary, and that from which she is said to have ascended to heaven!

One of the chief Moslem cemeteries is on this side of the city. The tombs are seen under the shadow of the whole of the eastern wall. Several of them are large and even handsome; and one close to the St. Stephen's Gate, which is the tomb of a Sheik, has a superstructure supported by arches very beautifully constructed. I heard when at Jerusalem that an architect who was there for a time, used almost daily to visit this tomb, in order to study and take drawings of these arches, for which he professed great admiration.

Crossing the little bridge that spans the bed of the Kidron, we keep along the narrow path, ascending to the north side of the city. Here is a fine olive grove. Some of the trees are of great size. I heard that the fruit from some trees is at times estimated to be worth four pounds sterling. If this be so it will serve to show how valuable is a property of the kind, and how great are the resources of the country.

If we keep along the line of the Valley of the Kidron we shall, about half a mile from the city, reach the structures called "the Tombs of the Kings." With regard to these, as well as other ancient remains in and about Jerusalem, their age and origin are open to a variety of opinions. We may, however,



THE ST. STEPHEN'S GATE.



take them for what they profess to be, viz., the tombs of the kings of Judah. Much that is interesting clings around such an association, while there is nothing to excite superstition. A sloping descent brings us into an open square or court, on one side of which are the entrances into the tombs. These, like others found elsewhere, are chambers cut out of the solid rock. The entrance is rather richly carved, and the chambers communicate one with the other. There are evidences of stone doors having filled the doorways, and of a curious mechanical contrivance, in the form of rollers, having been employed for closing and opening these doors. Here are the recesses in which the coffins were placed. Here, doubtless, were laid some of the great ones of the earth. "*Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee*" (Isa. xiv. 11).

Retracing our steps, we arrive at the Damascus Gate, to the left of which we observe a large excavation. This some persons believe to be the Upper Pool of Gihon (Isa. vii. 3). We shall, however, by-and-by reach that which is considered more entitled to this designation.

Opposite this excavation is a large cave, which is known as the Grotto of Jeremiah. Tradition relates that it was in this that the prophet lived, and in this that he wrote the Book of Lamentations. It is not without occupants even at this time. But the strange thing is, that on the surface above the cave

is another Mohammedan cemetery. Thus, while the living make their dwelling below, the dead are interred above!

The angle of the wall at this point (about north-west) is extremely picturesque. All the lower part is composed of the solid and roughly-hewn natural rock. The battlements, also, are of this character. A hole, about two-and-a-half feet in diameter, is at the base of the wall, such as might be unobserved by any ordinary traveller. But that hole forms the entrance to the most remarkable remains which exist of the ancient city.

It was only about two years before I visited the land that this opening was discovered. A Dr. Barclay was passing by with a friend, when he noticed that his dog had found his way into this opening, which had evidently been but recently formed. Some minutes having elapsed ere the dog reappeared, he concluded that there must be some large cavity within. He and his friend determined to investigate it, and that evening having provided themselves with lanterns, cords, and other necessities, they came out of the city a short time before the gates were closed for the night. Knowing the jealousy of the Mohammedans as to Europeans making any investigation of the kind, they concealed themselves in a cave, and when it was quite dark approached the opening, which it was clear had been formed by the falling-in of some earth.

Dr. Barclay and his friend crept in on their hands

and knees. As they advanced the opening seemed to enlarge. They then lighted their candles, and found themselves in most spacious subterranean caves. As they proceeded these caves increased in size, communicating one with another, under all the northern part of Jerusalem.

Mr. Calman, of Jerusalem, with the Rev. D. Hefter, accompanied me when I inspected these most interesting remains. The former had frequently done so, and had carefully studied their character and appearance. Although we spent two-and-a-half hours in them, he assured me that we had not at that time penetrated into much above one-half of the various caverns. They seemed to extend to the precincts of the great mosque, at which part all seemed to be blocked up, so as to prevent further progress. But it appears certain, that originally they were continued to the substructures of the temple, and that the huge chambers which are now found under the platform of the mosque, are part of the same.

In one part there was a small but lofty alcove, down the walls of which water must have formerly trickled; for, although it was dry at the time, the sides were entirely petrified. In another part there was a natural basin, into which the water was dropping from above, while the fragments of old pottery which were scattered about gave me the impression that the well-filled basin had often been the means of quenching the thirst of men of the olden time. Amongst the relics which I took pos-

session of was a fossil-marked stone, which Mr. Calman said was the only thing of the kind that had been discovered there. We also knocked down a few of the many large bats which, being disturbed by our appearance and the light of our candles, were flying about in all directions. These we preserved as specimens.

There cannot be a doubt that these excavations are stone quarries. Not only is the ground covered with chips of stones which have been splintered by the mason's hammer—not only are huge pillars, which have evidently been artificially formed, there left for the support of the roof—but great blocks of stone are also found, partly excised by the chisel, when the work was left in its present state. But the question naturally suggests itself, if this be so, to what age do these quarries belong? I have not met with any one who hesitated to appropriate them to the age of Solomon, and to connect them with the building of the temple. The premises on which these conclusions are based are these: the description given of the “great stones” of the temple, as well as the prodigious size of some which still form a portion of the present walls of Jerusalem, render it a practical impossibility that they could have been brought from any considerable distance, and across the ravines and valleys by which the city is surrounded.

But we read that “*the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought*

thither: so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building" (1 Kings, vi. 7). Such being the case, how natural is the inference, that they were cut out in such subterranean quarries; that through the galleries thus formed, the stones were conveyed down the gentle incline on rollers to the platform on which the temple was built, and thus, "like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung." It was certainly most solemnizing to realize that we were probably gazing upon those spacious excavations as they were at the time when Solomon's workmen were employed in them.

On this side of the city we distinctly trace the remains of massive walls, which at one time were built about half a mile from those which now exist. It is a matter of indeterminate dispute, whether these are the walls which existed in the time of our Lord, or those which were subsequently built by Agrippa. The latter view is, of course, tenaciously maintained by those who believe that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre occupies the site of Calvary; while I am among those who hold to the other opinion. It is beyond these walls, in a north-westerly direction, that we shall find the so-called Tombs of the Judges, which correspond in character and appearance with the Tombs of the Kings.

We are now on the west side of the city. During the last few years a most remarkable change has been passing over that part which is immediately

adjacent to the city walls. The Greeks, under the auspices of the Russian Government, have bought a tract of land here. This is enclosed by very lofty walls. Within the enclosure a handsome cathedral, with dwellings for a bishop and a perfect army of monks, are being erected. The whole is built on such a scale that it may at any time be converted into a fortress to overawe the city.

Not a mile from this point they possess another prodigious convent, well known as "the Convent of the Cross." In the season this is frequented by a host of Greek pilgrims. I believe that they undertake to accommodate as many as 3,000, and the character and proportions of the walls and structures are such, that it is capable of being transformed into a fortress of considerable strength. It is at this convent that they profess to point out the spot where the tree grew of which the cross was made on which "the Lord of Glory" was crucified. The circumstantialities of this fact (?), which are gravely narrated, are almost too absurd for repetition.

The largest Mohammedan cemetery is found on this side of Jerusalem. Here are many tombs of great size and considerable architectural excellence. At a short distance we may notice the Jerusalem Plantation, which, under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Finn, still affords employment to many poor Jews. The pool here, which is commonly known as the Upper Pool of Gihon, is in excellent repair, and in the rainy season is filled with water. It is

not unfrequently used as a bathing-place by the natives.

Continuing to encircle the city, we descend into the Valley of Gihon. The high point which we see to the right is called "the Hill of Evil Counsel." The building on it is designated "the House of Caiaphas;" for it was here, says tradition, that Caiaphas and his colleagues took "*counsel together against the Lord, and against His Anointed.*"

In this valley are the remains of the Lower Pool of Gihon. This must have been an immense reservoir, exceeding in size even the largest of the Pools of Solomon. But now it is useless. Hardly a trace of the original mason-work exists, and it is only in the season of "much rain" that any water settles in its hollow. Near to it is a capital specimen of an ancient threshing-floor. This is a very flat and large rock, which is used for that purpose even to this day.

Along the embankment which forms the lower side of the pool, a curious aqueduct is constructed, which must have had its origin in very early times. It brings water from the Pools of Solomon, which are beyond Bethlehem and about eight miles from Jerusalem. The masonry of this aqueduct seems to be very ancient. It is kept in repair by the Government, and the water is conveyed into the precincts of the great mosque, for its sacred purposes, and, I heard, supplies also the residence of the Pasha.

The large structure which we see on the left side of the valley is "the Diocesan Boys' School." It is built at one extremity of the Protestant burial-ground, where repose the remains of the lamented Bishop Alexander, the devoted missionary Mr. Nicolayson, and others who have died at Jerusalem when engaged in their Master's work. A piece of ground was, in the first instance, procured for this purpose near the Jaffa Gate; but the authorities refused to allow a wall to be built around it there. I heard that their objection arose from a belief that the shadow from this wall would reach their own burial-ground on that side of the city, and thereby it would be defiled. The site of the present cemetery, a short distance from the Zion Gate, is certainly better.

Between this and the walls we may observe the burial-ground of the Armenians. With it is connected a curious circumstance. Before the ground was obtained for a Protestant cemetery, a Protestant died at Jerusalem. None of the sects would allow a heretic to be interred in any of their consecrated grounds. The friends of the deceased were glad at the stretch of liberality which, on the part of the Armenians, permitted the body to be interred under the *wall* which surrounds this burial-place!

On the right hand side of the valley, immediately below the Pool of Gihon, is "Akeldama," or "the field of blood." There are few of these localities which rest on anything stronger than conjecture.

That the caves and chambers which line all this side of the valley are ancient burial-places cannot be doubted. Some of them are approached by a flight of steps, and on entering them we find regular chambers of considerable size, in the sides of which are niches for the coffins. But the old Greek inscriptions, which are cut out over the entrance to some of these chambers, are the chief grounds on which the conclusion rests that this is the veritable Akeldama. They lead to the belief that strangers were formerly buried here, and the inference that this is the field for which the thirty pieces of silver were paid.

I have observed that all this side of the valley contains these caves and chambers. One of them was discovered some years ago, with a very narrow entrance, through which it was necessary to creep on all fours. It was full of skeletons and bones of persons who must have been heedlessly buried there. Many persons have obtained fragments from this cave. I fully intended when I was at Jerusalem to find my way into it, but was prevented doing so from want of time.

The lower part of the valley is called "the Valley of the Son of Hinnom." It was here that the children of Israel offered their unholy sacrifices in the time of their idolatry, and made their children pass through the fire to Molech. Its rocky and picturesque appearance enables one to realize the prophet's declaration: "*Inflaming yourselves with idols*

under every green tree, slaying the children in the valleys under the cliffs of the rocks. Among the smooth stones of the stream is thy portion; they, they are thy lot: even to them hast thou poured a drink offering, thou hast offered a meat offering" (Isa. lvii. 5, 6). This certainly affords one of the most interesting and agreeable walks to be found about Jerusalem.

At the foot of the valley we arrive at its junction with the Valley of Jehoshaphat. There is the Well of En-Rogel, which is sometimes called the Well of Job. This is undoubtedly one of the few ancient remains which the city and its neighbourhood retains. We at once associate with it the conspiracy of Adonijah (1 Kings, i. 9), and that of Absalom (2 Sam. xvii. 17). It forms the natural source of the brook Kidron; for in the rainy seasons this well overflows, and its surplus waters rush down the valley, emptying themselves into the Dead Sea. It is about 180 feet in depth, and the water being extremely good, at all seasons we shall find persons drawing water and filling the skin bottles with which they lade donkeys and take it up to the city for sale. In a dry season the supply of water from this well is of the utmost importance; and without it, when many of the reservoirs for rain water in Jerusalem are exhausted, it is difficult to conceive how the people could exist.

It is from this point that Jerusalem looks most elevated. The walls and some of the buildings seem perched up on a lofty mountain. The eye rests upon



THE WELL OF EN-ROGEL.

several objects of interest, among which is the group of buildings in the centre of which is the reputed "Tomb of David." This is one of the most sacred places of the Moslems, from which all Europeans and non-Mohammedans are jealously excluded. A Miss Barclay is said to have obtained access to it in disguise, under the conduct of a Mohammedan family. She gave an account of the appearance of the tomb and the chamber in which it stands, but nothing was seen which could serve to prove its genuineness, or from which any conclusions can be drawn as to the truth of the tradition.

That beautiful green spot on the incline of the hill is called "the King's Gardens." They have the reputation of being the gardens which belonged to the great King Solomon. At the driest and hottest seasons of the year these gardens appear green and flourishing. The finest vegetables are produced there, which help to supply the market at Jerusalem. The reason why they are perennially green is that they are constantly watered from the Pool of Siloam, which we observe in the cleft of the valley; and on approaching the pool, we shall be amused at the bickering and quarrelling which goes on here at the time when the keeper of the pool is letting the water out for the irrigation of these gardens. They belong to various persons, and each is anxious to obtain as much water as possible for his piece of ground. The consequence is, that when the supply is diverted from one garden to another, the luckless

overseer is greeted by a storm of complaint and vituperation, with which, in his turn, the next person is sure to assail him.

There can be no reasonable doubt that this is the real Pool of Siloam. It was in this that the poor blind man washed and came seeing (John ix. 7). And although the fragments of pillars which we observe on one side have led some persons to conjecture that they formed porches, and they might answer to the idea of Bethesda, yet there is no ground on which we can interfere with the historic statements that declare this to be Siloam. The water flows from a curious intermittent spring, called "the Spring of the Virgin," just above the pool. It passes through an aqueduct, by means of which it is just possible for a person to reach the pool; but many have tried the experiment and failed.

A very old mulberry tree near to this attracts our attention. It is called "Isaiah's tree," for here it is said the prophet was put to death. But old as this tree is, the impossibility of its existence in the days of Isaiah would be enough to disprove the tradition.

We now resume our walk up the Valley of Jehoshaphat from the Well of En-Rogel. The lofty hill overlooking the valley on the right is "the Hill of Offence." Here Solomon erected altars to the heathen gods who were worshipped by his idolatrous wives (1 Kings, xi. 7). Here he dishonoured God, and brought shame and confusion upon his own head.



THE POOL OF SILOAM.



The appearance of the village of Siloam, which is on the right side of the valley, is most irregular. The houses being built of stone, even to the flat roof, look like a mass of large tombs. Here must have stood "the tower in Siloam," which fell on the eighteen and slew them (Luke xiii. 4), and which was visible to our Lord, looking down from the walls of the city.

The large flat stones which line the side of the valley, and which extend beyond some of the hills, mark the graves of the Jews. They bury all their dead in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; and as many come in the time of old age to the Holy City, in order that they may enjoy this privilege, the number of deaths which annually take place among the Jews is very considerable. The more superstitious among them hold to a tradition that all the dead must rise at the last day in this valley, and that if they are not buried on the spot, it will involve all the toil and trouble of digging under any intervening ocean and land between this and the place of their sepulture! Hebrew inscriptions are roughly carved on the stones.

Several very remarkable tombs are found higher up the valley. They are cut out of the solid rock, are of great size, and possess much architectural merit. The Tomb of Zechariah, the Tomb of James, the Tomb of Jehoshaphat, and the Tomb or Pillar of Absalom are the principal. This last has always been regarded as the identical pillar which Absalom

built in "the King's Dale" (2 Sam. xviii. 18). This has been questioned by some persons, who judge, from the Grecian character of the columns, which face the monument in alto-relief, that it must have owed its origin to a much later date. I am among those who think it probable that the Phenicians, from whom the Greeks borrowed their architecture, most probably had obtained it from the Jews. This would easily account for the Doric columns on Absalom's pillar.

The lower part of this curious structure is cut out of the solid rock. The upper part is built of large stones, and surmounted by a monolith of great size and curious form. It is a work of considerable merit. The tomb has a chamber within, and through the solid rock wall, which is of great thickness, the Jews have made a large hole, by throwing stones at it. A hatred of the sin of disobedience to parents is so strongly impressed upon their national character that they throw a stone at his pillar, and mutter a curse against him and against all who follow in his steps, whenever they pass this way.

We have now been our round of the city, and are again at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Let us again ascend the mount and take another view of the Holy City. The more frequently we gaze on it, the more it seems to grow in interest. In that building, which looks like a roughly-built tower, and which is on the slope of the most northern hill, I spent two



THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT AND TOMBS.



nights and a day when it was in the possession of Mr. James Graham. We spent a Saturday night there, thinking it possible that we might have seen a Jewish funeral coming down the steep descent of the valley by torchlight, after their Sabbath was passed. On such occasions they are allowed to bury by night; and it would have brought vividly before the imagination the band of men who came with torches to take and betray our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane. We were not, however, so favoured. But it was pleasant to watch the light of the full moon gradually stealing over the city, and on the following morning to see its towers and minarets tinged by the first rays of the rising sun.

Before examining the interior of the city, let us notice its divisions. Three hills are distinctly marked. The nearest to us is that on which the temple stood, and which now comprehends the sacred precincts of the mosque. It is this which is commonly known as Mount Moriah. The more distant, which is also the most lofty, is that which is called Mount Zion. These are divided by the Valley of the Tyropean. I must, however, profess my strong sympathy with the opinion that it is the Temple Mount which is generally called Zion in the word of God, and that therefore that which stands in the foreground is the one which is entitled to this designation.

On the right another small hill rises. That is Mount Akra. It is on the same side of the Tyropean Valley as Moriah, and is separated from it by a very

gentle declivity. On that, on part of Moriah, and, indeed, on all this eastern side of the city, stand the dwellings of the Mohammedans. It is on the western or Zion side that all other classes and sects of the community are grouped together. The Jewish quarter is on the lower part of the hill. The Armenians occupy the upper city to the left, and the Latins are on the same range to the right. Lower down, and in the proximity of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Greeks, for the most part, reside, while the Protestants are scattered in various parts of the city. I believe that the population of Jerusalem is about 25,000, of whom 10,000 are Jews, 5,000 are Greeks, 2,000 are Latins and other sects, 250 are Protestants, and the rest are Moslems.

Our best plan will be now to take a walk on the city walls. We shall thereby obtain a general view of the various parts of the city, and be enabled more satisfactorily to pursue our future researches. Although somewhat broken and out of order in certain places, there is but little difficulty in walking along the pathway which crowns their summit. This path is, however, interrupted and blocked-up when we come to that part of the wall which incloses the mosque grounds.

We ascend the wall steps by the "St. Stephen's Gate," which faces the Mount of Olives. There are some lions carved on the stone-work over this entrance to the city, which are supposed to connect it with the Crusades. They may be the lions of the arms of old

England. This gate is so called because tradition says that it was through it that Stephen was brought when he was stoned to death. It is difficult to determine how much of the present wall was in existence in early times, since the greater proportion of it has undoubtedly been rebuilt within the last four hundred years. In many parts the large old stones have been built into the present mason-work, thus uniting ancient and modern times.

All the gates have a large chamber within, which is generally used as a guard-house. Here we see a group of Turkish soldiers idling about, who seem to care and think little about the performance of their duties.

In passing along the walls we may observe that there are large pieces of land in different parts of the city which might be built on with advantage, and which can hardly be said to be cultivated. Of these the Greeks have obtained possession of a good deal, especially a large piece lying in the centre of the city. These, as well as house property, in Jerusalem, are at the present time very valuable.

Continuing our walk along the wall, we pass opposite the Grotto of Jeremiah, and reach "the Damascus Gate." This is the largest and most imposing of the five entrances to the city. Its name indicates that it is by this side that travellers are wont to depart for Damascus and the north of the land. Beneath it are stone chambers and masonry, the antiquity of which is thought to be very great.

Continuing along the north wall to the west, we reach "the Jaffa Gate." This entrance to the city is most used, and it is the only one through which permission is ever given for persons to obtain egress or ingress after the gates are closed for the night. Our walk down the slope of Zion will bring us to "the Zion Gate," which has its entrance opposite the Tomb of David. We may now content ourselves with this perambulation of the walls, and commence our examination of the streets and buildings by the Jaffa Gate. Here stands "the Castle of David," or, as it is sometimes called, "the Tower of Hippicus." A very wide interval of time separates the erection of these structures; one, as its name indicates, being coeval with the time of David, the other owing its erection to the enterprise of King Herod. But, whatever may have been the origin of the buildings first erected, those which now exist appear in the main to have been built by the Turks. The foundation and lower parts have all the appearance of great antiquity. There, are many massive stones bevelled or rabbited, as the Jews were wont to do in the erection of their buildings. But the great towers which now form the Turkish Citadel are comparatively modern, and could not resist long an artillery attack. It is surrounded by a dry ditch and a low wall. An order from the Governor is necessary so as to procure a sight of the interior, which precaution is probably adopted in order as far as possible to prevent the exposure of their own weakness. The small cannon

which project from the ramparts do not appear capable of being effectually used. They would, probably, from their corroded state, be more dangerous in their use to the besieged than to the besiegers.

Immediately opposite the Castle of David are the premises of "the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews." With the establishment of this mission has been associated the most marked improvement in all the social and domestic advantages of Jerusalem. To this we may trace the appointment of consuls, the erection of many of the best buildings, the introduction of many works which were up to that time unknown, and the development of a larger measure of industry and enterprise in the city. Under its fostering wing, and after it had prepared the way by fighting many a battle against Turkish intolerance, Europeans have been enabled to come in and enjoy the benefits of personal protection and indirect influence which at that period were quite unattainable. The present advantages of Jerusalem—inferior as they are in our European estimation—stand out in very favourable contrast with the misery and opposition of the past.

On these mission premises stands the neat Gothic Protestant church attached to the residence of the minister. This last was originally the British Consulate. It was only on condition that the church should be so connected, and should form a kind of consular chapel, that permission was given by the Turkish Government for its erection. And so many

were the difficulties which were afterwards thrown in the way, that nothing could have brought the work to a successful issue but British determination and British influence. The restrictions formerly imposed being now unnecessary, the former consulate, which harmonizes architecturally with the church, is now inhabited by the minister, who is also the chief missionary of the society at Jerusalem.

Many singular circumstances might be related in connection with the building of this church. The builders had to dig *forty* feet through the *débris* and ruins of the ancient city ere they could find a foundation. Several curious fragments were thus excavated, water-channels discovered, and the remains of an ancient fountain. The stone used for the purpose was brought from a quarry nearly a mile distant from the city, and, owing to the dryness of the climate, still preserves its beautiful whiteness.

The proportions of the church within are very perfect. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and the long pointed windows in the transepts reach nearly to the ground, giving to it a beautifully light and pleasant appearance. The ten commandments are engraved in Hebrew characters upon two tables of black marble. There is no other ornament or figure of any kind; and these things, with the beautiful scriptural Liturgy of the Church of England, have afforded a striking and conclusive witness to Jews and Moslems against the idolatrous doctrines and practices of the Latin and Greek Churches. It is with no little

pleasure that I recall the privilege which I enjoyed of preaching the gospel of salvation to the congregation, belonging to so many nationalities, which was wont to assemble in this sanctuary on Mount Zion.

Passing through the mission premises, we reach the house which was occupied by the late Rev. J. Nicolayson. That devoted servant of God, who spent more than thirty years of his life in missionary labour in the East, lived to see great changes in Jerusalem. He had been there in the midst of war, famine, and pestilence, yet he never forsook his post; and his memory is held in veneration both by Jews and Christians.

Close to this house are the remains of the ancient Church of St. James. This was dedicated to the first Christian bishop of the metropolis of the world. It would be of importance if this could be made over to the Protestant community, and by them be restored. There would be little difficulty in obtaining it, especially as the Porte has given the ancient Church of St. Ann to the Latins.

A little below this is the entrance to "the Girls' Diocesan School," and on the left, farther down in the same street, is the German Deaconesses' Institution. This is one of the most valuable scions of the parent institution in Germany. Here we shall find the excellent Christian ladies who manage this useful charity, engaged in carrying on a school for Protestant children, many of whom belong to the families of Jewish converts. I was much interested

and pleased, when at Jerusalem, in visiting and examining these children. It was strange to find some who were not more than ten years of age who could read and speak three different languages.

Here, too, the deaconesses have a dispensary and a hospital. These are of great value to the Gentiles and Jewish converts, who cannot have the advantage of the hospital of the London Society.

Lower down in the same irregular and winding street, we shall, through a covered passage, reach the entrance to this admirable institution. Before this large door may be seen, on the days of admission, a large group of Jews and Jewesses, collected together from an early hour in the morning. This hospital has triumphed over prejudice and opposition. It is seldom that its wards, both for men and women, are not filled with members of the house of Israel, who, despite their national antipathies, can fully appreciate the advantages of this Christian work. Everything is kept in perfect order and with most admirable cleanliness. Medical men who have visited it when at Jerusalem, have pronounced it to be as well conducted as any similar institution in the world.

We are here on the confines of the Jewish quarter. Some of the houses are spacious and well-furnished within. But all of them, and the streets in which they are situated, have a poor appearance without. There are several synagogues, the chief of which belong to the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim, which designation applies to the Spanish and German Jews.

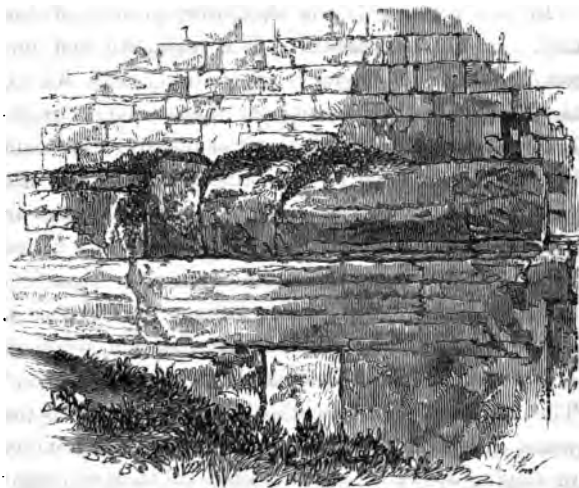
A small one belonging to the Cairite Jews is interesting, and there may be seen some beautiful specimens of Hebrew manuscripts. They present a singular appearance when filled on the Jewish Sabbath by devout worshippers, with the *talet* or shawl over their heads, repeating their prayers and rocking their bodies. On the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, the large Sephardim synagogue was illuminated in his honour, which is only done at their great festal seasons.

In this quarter is the slaughtering-place of the city. In the hot season this is offensive and unwholesome to a degree; yet nothing will induce the Turkish authorities to alter the obnoxious regulation which keeps it in this part of the city. It would be easy for animals to be slaughtered without the walls, but it is said that it is retained in this place in order to annoy the Jews; while the tan-yard, which is almost as offensive, is continued near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in order to annoy the Christians.

If we pursue our walk in this direction, we shall arrive near the Zion Gate at "the Leper's Village." This is a group of miserable huts, built near to the walls, in which these poor creatures live. A number of yelping dogs rush out to keep us off their domains; but it is manifest that with such occupants there is little probability of their sanctity being outraged. The poor lepers live chiefly by begging. A group of them are generally found near the Jaffa Gate and by the Kidron Bridge, where most persons pass by

from whom they obtain alms. But how strange it appears that the *Holy City* should now be ceremonially defiled by the dwellings of the unclean lepers! I may, however, observe that the disease from which they now suffer cannot be that to which allusion is made in the Scriptures. I have heard it spoken of as a kind of *elephantiasis*.

We may from this point pass along the wall down to the Valley of the Tyropean. Our object here is to examine the remains of the arch of the great bridge



that must have spanned this valley. It is only a careful examination that has determined the nature of these remains; and there can be little doubt, from the way in which the great stones project from the wall, that they form part of a bridge.

The wall of which it forms a part is that which incloses the great mosque. Some of the stones are of enormous size. One is twenty-five feet in length and five and a half in width. It may have formed part of the Temple of Solomon; indeed, the ascent by which the King of Israel went up to the House of the Lord (1 Kings x. 5). But certain it is that few remains about Jerusalem can boast of such antiquity.

We may now approach "the Wailing-place," which is in the same line of wall. It is so called because here Jews and Jewesses come every Friday afternoon, and at other special seasons, to weep and wail over the desolation of their beloved city. Here they pour out their supplications to the Lord for their restoration to the land of their fathers, and for the bringing about of that time when Jerusalem shall again be established and become a praise in the earth. With many of them it is but a formal service, but the manner and tears of others seem to be a pledge of their sincerity. I managed to take a photograph of the place while they were so engaged. The women, with their faces to the wall, which they repeatedly kissed, were covered with the white long shawl with which, after the manner of the Eastern women, they go out of doors. The men were collected together at the other extremity, occupied in their devotions; while a rabbi, seated upon the ground, was relating some foolish legend to three or four idlers.

This part of the wall, which is on the west side of the mosque enclosure, is often spoken of as if it was in reality part of the wall of Jerusalem as it originally stood. But there is not one of the stones in its original position. They have evidently been collected together for this purpose at a period subsequent to the destruction of the city by the Romans, and are the disintegrated remains of Jerusalem's greatness. Many of them are of noble proportions, and the rabbited edges determine their Hebrew origin.

Leaving the Jewish quarter, we arrive at the principal street, which leads from Zion down to the entrance into the mosque enclosure. This is called the Christian Street; and the remains of old buildings which are found in it, and of Saracenic fountains, entitle it to be considered as the most interesting street in Jerusalem.

About two days after my arrival in the city, Mr. Graham and Mr. Calman accompanied me in a walk down this street. About fifty yards from the mosque gates, we paused by the entrance to a large courtyard. As we observed only a servant standing there, we walked in, and my companions pointed out to me a most remarkable stone sarcophagus, which had been taken from the Tombs of the Kings. Its richly-carved character gave evidence of its royal design; but at present it answers the ignoble office of a water-trough. It would be a great acquisition to the British Museum; but however useless may be such



THE JEWISH WAILING-PLACE.



a thing to the Turks, nothing would induce them to part with it. They would entertain a notion that we could extract gold from it, and would be, therefore, unwilling to sacrifice the probabilities that they might be endued with equal power!

We then walked into an inner chamber of some size, from a window in which we obtained a good view of the Wailing-place of which I have already given an account.

About a fortnight after this I was accompanied by Mr. Hefter into the Jewish quarter, who had promised to introduce me to some of the principal Jews. They happened at that time to be engaged in their synagogue service; and finding that he had never seen the sarcophagus from the Tombs of the Kings, I proposed that we should fill up the time by going down to inspect it. On coming to the court-yard a number of people were walking about it; but with perfect self-possession, and as if I had been the master of the place, I exhibited it to Mr. Hefter, and then invited him to accompany me into the room from which the view of the Wailing-place was to be obtained. Into this I walked without the least ceremony; but instead of its being unoccupied as on the former occasion, three fine-looking Mohammedans, evidently of the upper classes, were seated on the divans. I immediately doffed my hat, and made a proper Eastern *salaam*, and one of the Moslem gentlemen rose and returned it—a most unusual token of respect. After a look at the Wailing-place

there was a further salutation, and we then took our leave.

A few days after this, in conversation with Mr. Finn, the British Consul, I happened to refer to this sarcophagus. He asked me how I had managed to see it, and I then related to him the circumstances of our visit. "Have you any idea," he inquired, "what is the place into which you went?" I replied in the negative. "Why," added he, "that is the *Mekehme*, the chief Mohammedan court of law, and the three persons whom you saw were the three Mohammedan judges engaged in their judicial duties." When I assured him that not the slightest attempt had been made to interrupt or molest us, he expressed his great surprise, adding that a few years before it might have cost me my life, and would certainly have brought on me a severe beating, had I attempted this. It is quite possible that I owe my immunity from insult to the *nonchalance* which often distinguishes a traveller who is in ignorance treading on forbidden ground. But I am also convinced that not only have Mohammedan prejudices greatly subsided, but they are becoming more and more sensible of the spread of European influence and power. I may further illustrate this by mentioning, that inasmuch as at the commencement of the Russian war the attempt of the French Consul at Jerusalem to hoist his national flag over the French Consulate, led to a serious outbreak and nearly cost him his life, now the flags of all the nations which have their representatives in

the Holy City may be seen flying over their respective consulates. And as a further illustration I may record, that Mr. Finn told me that he had seen a Jewish youth, dressed in a bright green robe, the sacred colour of the Moslems, impudently strutting among many of that religion at the Jaffa Gate. Some years ago the appearance of a European lady in the streets of Jerusalem with a green veil, led to a tumult, from the dangers of which her sex was her only protection !

Having approached so near the chief entrance to the mosque, my readers will be anxious to be introduced into the sacred enclosure. I am happy in being able to gratify their curiosity from my own personal experience, especially as the Royal Princes of England, with their suites, are the only persons who have been admitted since the period of my visit to the Holy Land.

At the time of my being at Jerusalem, Camel Pasha had supreme authority. He seemed to be as little concerned about his own religion as that of others. It was during his *régime* that the way was first opened for the attainment of this long-coveted privilege. The Duke of Brabant, with a large party, were the first persons allowed to enter, and after that time many persons had received a like permission.

I had taken out a complete photographic apparatus to Palestine ; and when Mr. Graham, who was then resident at Jerusalem, found that I had the means of taking collodion as well as wax-paper photographs,

he proposed that I should take advantage of his intimacy with the Pasha to obtain permission to visit the mosques, and that I should attempt some of the subterranean remains of the temple. There was nothing which I so earnestly desired. Drawings had been taken of those parts which could be seen at a distance from the exterior, but it was not possible in this way to get at some of the chief points of interest, while it was not sufficient in any case to secure perfect accuracy.

Accordingly, on an appointed day I accompanied Mr. Graham to call upon the Pasha. We were most graciously received. I had been apprehensive that according to Eastern custom a pipe would be brought to me, and that courtesy would require me to smoke. But, as it happened, the Pasha being well acquainted with European habits, asked me first whether I would smoke, which I was much relieved in being permitted to decline, having never done so, and having the greatest horror of the habit. I had made up my mind that had the pipe been brought I should have held it to my mouth and allowed it to go out, and then declined having it relighted. My lamented friend, the late Bishop Bowen, who resided a great deal in the East, told me that had I done this it would have been considered a great compliment to the Pasha. In these countries, when persons smoke in the presence of their equals or inferiors, they hold their long pipes straight before them; when they wish to show some respect, the pipe is held in

a more angular way ; but the very extreme of respect is not to smoke at all ! I had not, as it will appear, the opportunity of showing my extra good breeding.


The Pasha most courteously acceded to Mr. Graham's request that I should be allowed to take the required photographs. It was necessary that due notice should be given to him of the day fixed on, for not only was the Sheik of the Mosque to be in attendance, but the dervishes, who are its priests and guardians, had to be locked up. They might resent with their daggers the attempt to desecrate their holy ground with the footsteps of the infidel !

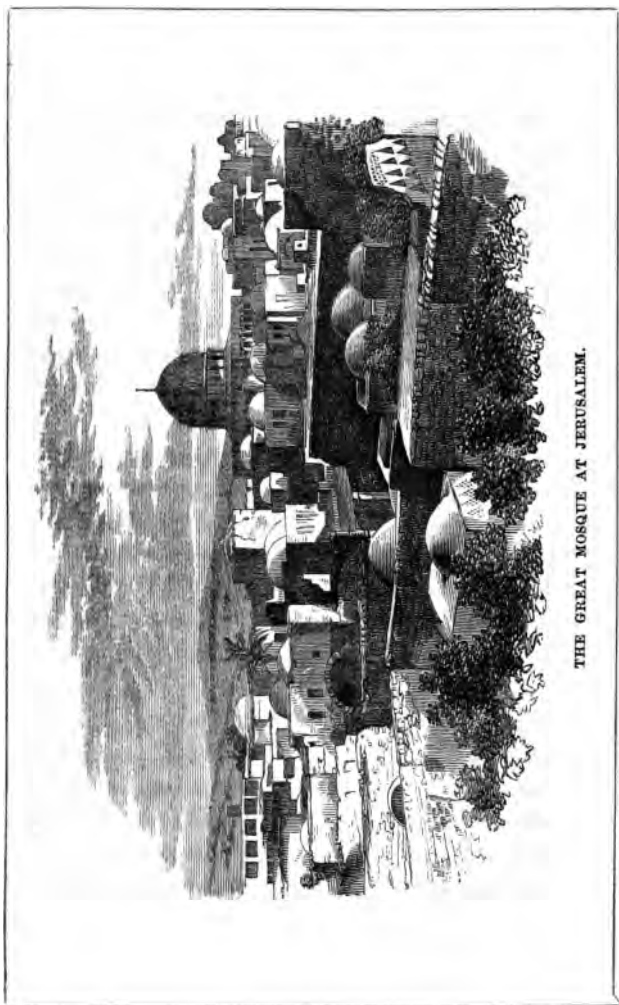
We arranged that five other visitors at Jerusalem should join our party. One object of this was to lighten the cost of this visit ; the fees being in the aggregate but a sovereign each. After a hurried early breakfast, we proceeded to the residence of the Pasha, which is on one side of the mosque grounds. There we found the Sheik in attendance, a noble Moslem of great stature, and with a long flowing beard. He told us that the Sheikdom of the mosques had been in his family for more than eight hundred years.

Accompanied by a motley assemblage of servants and others, some of whom bore my photographic apparatus, we entered the sacred enclosure. The area of the whole is said to be thirty-six acres. About the centre stands the great mosque, which all travellers are wont to call the Mosque of Omar, but the proper name of which is "the Mosque of the

Sak'ra," or the Mosque of the Rock. This stands upon a marble paved platform, raised about six feet above the rest of the area, and approached by flights of steps, over which there are rows of single colonnades. On the same platform several smaller structures stand, the chief of which is the elegant building called "the Judgment-seat of David," and a small one the dome of which has the form of a mitre. Passing over the open ground, we approached the nearest flight of steps. Here all the Moslems uncovered their feet. Having been instructed to be so prepared, I drew a pair of red leather slippers over my boots. We first examined the Judgment-seat of David. It is not easy to divine why it was so called. The assertion of the Sheik that it was built by the King of Israel, and that a chain hanging from the centre of the dome was placed there by him, was only worthy of credulity such as his. But a stone recess between two of the pillars would encourage the idea that formerly it may have been used as a tribunal of justice, and that in this recess the judge used to sit. It is supported by light columns, and is said by some to have been first erected as a kind of model from which to build the larger structure.

Very noble indeed are the proportions of the great mosque, which Mr. Fergusson, the eminent architect, contends, with much reason on his side, is the original Church of Constantine, the genuine *Church of the Holy Sepulchre*. It is octagonal in





THE GREAT MOSQUE AT JERUSALEM.



form. There is an entrance facing the four chief points of the compass. In each side there are seven windows, while smaller lights encircle the dome. These windows are all of finely-stained glass, giving in the greatest perfection "the dim religious light" which has such charms to some people. They are all covered without by perforated wood-work, in order to protect the glass. The lower part of the exterior walls is of white marble, the upper part of coloured porcelain tiles of various patterns; while at the top there are Arabic inscriptions of passages from the Koran. The exterior of the finely-proportioned dome is of metal (I presume of copper); the whole being surmounted by a closed crescent, the emblem of Moslem rule and domination.

But it was towards the interior that our eager thoughts were directed. It is there that the great rock stands from which the mosque derives its name; a rock sacred alike to Christians, Jews, and Moslems.

Passing, therefore, through the eastern entrance opposite the Judgment-seat of David, we found ourselves in the large area which forms the outer circle of the building. A row of handsome pillars stands at each angle of the wall, the roof being elaborately decorated with gilding in the arabesque style. The walls and floor are of marble, and the latter has a highly polished surface, occasioned by so many devotees constantly passing over it with bare feet.

And now our attention was turned to the fine dome,

with its supporting pillars. These are of variously-coloured marbles. Our slight knowledge of the subject led us to believe that some are of *verde antique*; and I heard at the time that marbles of that character were to be found among the mountains of Moab.

The exterior of these pillars was surrounded by a finely-wrought iron railing, about seven feet high. Two or three doorways were opened in this, through one of which we passed, and found ourselves in the presence of the great rock, the most sacred and remarkable relic to be found in the world. One could hardly help regarding it with a certain feeling of awe, its surface being rugged and uneven, and bronzed by the lapse of ages.

This rock rises about four or five feet above the level of the mosque floor. It is surrounded by a low and simple iron railing. At several points there are small openings in the railing, which are made before spots of peculiar sanctity, at which the worshippers are wont to prostrate themselves in prayer. Here, for example, is an indentation in the rock, which marks the spot on which the angel Gabriel rested when he came down from heaven. There, again, are two marks, bearing some affinity to huge footprints. These are described as being the footprints of our Lord Jesus Christ. From that small elevated portion beside which stand the war banners of the venerated Caliph Omar, the great prophet Mohammed, say they, ascended up to heaven. *Jerusalem* thus disputes this honour with the sacred shrine

at Mecca. But to make this fact the more remarkable, they add, that on the prophet making this ascent, the rock wished to follow him to heaven, and it was only through the power of the angel Gabriel, whose finger-marks are also exhibited, that the rock was prevented from undertaking this erratic journey! But to crown the marvel, they firmly believe, notwithstanding every evidence to the contrary, that the rock has no natural support, but is miraculously suspended in mid-air. When we descended to an oblong chamber ("the Well of Souls") which appears to be cut out beneath the rock, our friend the Sheik, pointing to the rocky sides, observed, that we must not suppose that they afforded any support to the superincumbent mass—they were only placed there for the purpose of protection!

In this chamber were several praying-places, as they are termed; among these, that of Solomon, and of Solomon's mother. In the mosque above there is one of great beauty, which is called the Praying-place of David. It is of white marble, having something the form of a secretaire. It may excite surprise that so many Scripture characters have a place of honour given to them, here or elsewhere. But our Lord, as well as many others, are referred to in the Koran, and thus receive a certain measure of religious veneration from the Mohammedans.

We may now return to the rock, with the view of considering its proportions. Over it is suspended a many-coloured satin canopy. It occupies a space

about equal to the base of the great dome, and is computed to be about fifty feet in diameter. Its object and origin is the ground of many surmises and questions. I am among those who regard it as the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. Some are of opinion that on this rock the sacrifices were offered ; while it is even suggested that it was part of the Tower of Antonia.

It appears to me unaccountable how this remarkable rocky excrescence should have been allowed to continue in its present state, had there not been something peculiar associated with it. It must be at least ten or twelve feet above the mosque area, and would have been only in the way had it not served a certain purpose. Supposing, therefore, that it was at this spot that the avenging angel ceased his work of destruction ;—supposing that it was here that David offered his sacrifices to God in acknowledgment of His sparing mercy, how natural it is to conceive that this rock would be allowed to remain untouched and uncovered, as a witness of the love of God in thus sheathing the sword of vengeance and of death ! The irregularity of its surface can be no sufficient objection to the idea of its having been used as a threshing-floor, since flails might be employed, as well as oxen, and it would answer very well for such a purpose. I am therefore disposed to look upon this rock as the most interesting relic of ancient times.

We left the mosque by the southern entrance. Adjoining the colonnade on that side, stands “ the

Marble Pulpit." There are few works of the kind in any other part of the world which can be compared to this for beauty of form and execution. The style of its architecture is that of the Byzantine. The cupola which covers it is of very elegant proportions, and there is much taste displayed in the ornamentation. I conceive it probable that it has in some former age been used for the purpose of preaching; but at the present time its only use is as a place of prayer; *i.e.*, a Moslem ascends it once a day to offer up prayer on behalf of the Sultan.

On the west side of the platform stands the Mosque of the Sheik, with several smaller buildings. We descended the flight of steps on the south side, passing on to "the Mosque El Aksa." In the intervening space, in which stand some very old cypresses and some small oak-trees, we saw the white marble fountain. It is simple, but elegant in its form, having a plain bason and a tulip-shaped fountain. Although it is said that the water which is brought into the mosque from the Pools of Solomon supplies this fountain, yet there was nothing to indicate that this was the case. It was perfectly dry at the time.

The façade of the Mosque El Aksa is one of the most beautiful architectural conceptions I know of. The arches are pointed, with Norman ornamentation, corresponding with that which marks the transition between the pure Norman and pointed styles. The centre arch is the largest, and the three others which are on each side are of equal size. There is a great

deal of superficial carving on the exterior, and the upper part is crowned by the peculiar little pinnacles which seem to have a Saracenic origin. This façade appears to be coeval with the time of the Crusades; but another opinion would make it far more ancient, and lead us to believe that it was the pattern from which many European buildings were afterwards erected.

Under the portico there are some curious Arabic inscriptions on the wall. The great door was opened, and we walked into this sacred structure. In form and character it has so entirely the appearance of a very fine church, that we readily assent to the belief that it is the church built by the Roman Emperor Justinian about A.D. 530, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Yet there are others who are disposed to give it a Mohammedan origin, and contend that it was ever called the Mosque El Aksa. But most persons are of opinion that it stands upon the site of the sanctuary; that here was the Most Holy Place.

Seven noble columns on each side support the roof, which are crowned with beautifully-sculptured Byzantine chapiters. There are in the window some fine specimens of coloured glass. In one we trace distinctly the pattern of a cross, which is strange in a Moslem place of worship. At the south end is a marble slab inlaid in the floor on which there are two marks which are called the footprints of Jesus Christ, of a smaller size than those which we saw on the great rock. Opposite to this stands a small

marble structure, the object of which it is difficult to conceive. It has the figure and appearance of a shrine. I never saw more elaborate or tasteful workmanship than it displays. A carved top is supported by small tapering columns of great beauty, some of which are twisted and carved.

Near to this structure stand two pillars which are called "the Pillars of Judgment." They owe their designation to the belief that they are an infallible test of character. They are placed very close one to the other, and the person who cannot pass between them is accounted to be a knave, or anything that is bad; while the man of an irreproachable life can always, it is said, accomplish the feat! This opinion may have had its origin in the fact that those who have the power too generally fatten upon the oppression and dishonesty which they practise upon their subordinates. Be this as it may, a large man would hardly think of making the experiment.

Two of our party who were small men made the trial, and seemed to pass easily between the pillars. I then attempted it, and although it required some effort, yet my own safe passage between them vindicated my claim to be considered an honest man. I was followed by another of our party, who, although very thin, must have been about six feet three inches in height. He went to work as if it had been a matter of life or death. Finding that he could not accomplish it, he appeared quite frantic, while his unavailing efforts called forth from the

spectators shouts of laughter. I suppose that his want of success arose from his being so tall. The opening between these pillars must have become greater by persons frequently passing between them. In process of time a larger person could in consequence accomplish the feat. But few persons could ever have reached so high as the point at which our tall friend's head came in contact with the pillars. As, therefore, that part was not much worn, and he could not get his head between, he necessarily could not get his body through. He slunk behind us the rest of the time, as if all were regarding him as a knave!

A door from this mosque communicates with the veritable Mosque of Omar. This is one of the most sacred places of the Moslems, and is dedicated to the memory of their renowned Caliph. It is a common plain hall, evidently of much later date than the great Mosque of the Sak'ra, which is supposed to have been built about the end of the seventh century. There are some praying-places here, and the three windows are covered with iron wire-work. On these are tied bits of string or rag in great variety, and they are the votive offerings of the Moslem pilgrims to the memory of Omar. It is certainly an inexpensive way of showing their respect. The windows command a very fine view of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. I remember on one occasion being occupied in photographing below, when some Mohammedans were standing at one of these windows, and

they outpoured on me all the maledictions of which they could think! .

Passing again into the outer court, we descended a flight of steps, and some folding doors were opened which led into the corridors beneath the Mosque El Aksa. These are said to have belonged to the Temple of Herod; and certainly the arching and formation of the roof is very peculiar. While every stone of the temple was thrown down, I do not know that it is necessary to believe that the sub-structures were destroyed in order to verify the prophecy of our Lord. Several chambers branch off from these corridors, and a very curious triple doorway at one end is worthy of much attention. Here, too, are the entrances to the subterranean passages which communicate with the excavations, which seem to be the continuation of those which exist under the north part of the city.


At the end of the long corridor we descended a flight of steps. Here is a chamber lighted by one window, in which, supporting the roof, stand two very large pillars. They are each cut out of one solid rock; one being round on one side and square on the other, the other pillar being circular, and having the reputation of having formed a part of the great Temple of Solomon. It is twenty-one feet high, and eighteen and a half feet in circumference. The chapter of it is peculiar, and would give one an idea of its architecture having been borrowed from the Egyptians.

This was one of the objects which I was to attempt to photograph, and Mr. Graham told the Sheik that he must allow me to return for this purpose. He protested against my doing this; but on Mr. Graham telling him that it was the Pasha's command, and that he must not remonstrate, he shrugged his shoulders in unwilling acquiescence.

Outside the window to which I have alluded, is to be seen the remains of an ancient doorway. This is supposed to be the Gate of Huldah of which Josephus speaks. It is in that part of the wall, on the exterior, that the only stones are to be found which appear to be *in situ*. They have the marks of the ancient stones, and are so closely cemented that they have evidently never been removed.

We went thence to the south-east angle of the wall, and there descended a flight of steps to a chamber in which were many praying-places, one imputed to Ezekiel, and another to Zechariah. But the most curious thing here was a stone hollowed out like a shell-patterned recess, and laid flat, which they called the cradle of Jesus Christ. Four small pillars support a small dome over it. It seemed so ridiculous that while the Roman Catholics were asserting that they had the cradle at Rome, the Moslems should contend that they have it at Jerusalem; one being as likely to have served that purpose as the other!

Mr. Graham and I now clambered up on the eastern wall. Over this may be seen protruding a stone which is called "the stone of Mohammed." It





THE HULDAH GATE, AND WALL OF MOSQUE.

owes its name to the tradition that on it Mohammed will sit when he comes to judge all the nations in the Valley of Jehoshaphat! We at any rate got the start of the great prophet by standing on it, which act of profanity may have been unperceived by our friend the Sheik. It is certainly only the broken shaft of a pillar which has been placed there.

We proceeded from this to the Golden Gate. The interior is a chamber of considerable size, with much architectural ornamentation, and supported by very handsome columns. There can be little doubt of the ancient origin of this part of the mosque precincts. Small piles of stones were heaped together in the interior, which is the pious work of Moslem pilgrims.

We now ascended to the roof of the Golden Gate, which commands a splendid prospect of the city on the one side, and the Mount of Olives and Valley of Jehoshaphat on the other. There can be no better point from whence to survey the various buildings of interest and natural undulations which are the prominent features of the Holy City. But our friend the Sheik soon interrupted my cogitations by shouting out from below that I must not delay if I intended to take the required photograph. Much to my dismay, when I turned to Mr. Graham, in expectation that he would accompany me, he told me that an engagement with the French Consul rendered it quite impossible for him to do so. I thought that I had impressed another of the party into my service, but he was obliged to leave. It was, therefore, I

must admit, with not very comfortable feelings that, under the escort of the two sons of the Sheik and another Mohammedan, and accompanied by my Moslem servant who carried my camera, I retraced my steps to the Mosque El Aksa. •

The folding doors were again opened. We descended to the corridors, and I entered one of the side chambers, the building of which they ascribed to Solomon. This being perfectly dark, served excellently for preparing my plates. I lighted a taper, which I intrusted to one of the young men, and fixed my apparatus for the purpose of endeavouring to photograph the pillar.

While in the act of doing this, down came the Sheik, who had seen the rest of our party fairly out of the enclosure. Extending his hand, he in a very decided tone demanded "backsheesh." As Mr. Graham was the general manager of the whole matter, I told the Sheik to go to him. He (perpetrating, as I knew full well, a falsehood) replied that Mr. Graham had sent him to me. He had me in his power, and I had no alternative but to produce my purse, in which, very happily for me, I had but a Napoleon (about sixteen shillings). He did not appear to be over-pleased at finding that he could extort no more from me; but after intimating that I must take care to give his sons "backsheesh," he took his leave. I, on my part, said that if they behaved well I would not forget them.

It was the first time that I had attempted an

interior. I failed in obtaining a satisfactory photograph of the pillar from not giving it a sufficient exposure. My companions thought that this was all that I wished to attempt; but I soon undeceived them by requesting that the doors might be opened, so as to enable me to take photographs of the buildings above. The first comprehended the great mosque, the marble fountain, and the marble pulpit. I then took another from a more eastern point. After this I obtained an impression of the façade of the Mosque El Aksa. My courage rising, I approached near the mosque for another photograph. I then boldly ventured on the platform for a close view of the great mosque, and afterwards for one of the marble pulpit and colonnades. When taking this last, a Mohammedan approached and wished to look within the camera. I detained him a little, and then closing my slide, removed it, and gave him permission to look within the empty box!

But while these processes were going on, my nerves were strung to the utmost by the belief that, the rest of our party having quitted the precincts, the dervishes might be liberated, and then I should be at their mercy. I did not know at the time that Mr. Graham had kindly called on the Pasha, and requested him to send two of his guards to protect me—which had been done—while the dervishes had been detained in their place of imprisonment. At the same time I enjoyed a happy conviction of the Lord's protecting care, and my own thoughts were most solemnized

when considering that the ground on which I stood was that alone which had been sanctified at the command of God Himself. How distinguished, therefore, was the privilege which I then enjoyed of obtaining such valuable memorials of my visit to Jerusalem! Many would have accounted it worthy of all the toil and expense of a visit to the Holy City.

After being five and a half hours within the enclosure—and spending the greater part of the time in a state of no little nervous excitement—I was glad to escape after taking the six views. My companions had more than once complained of hunger, but I kept them quiet by showing them the plates after they were developed, and telling them that they were *tieb* (good). The hope of a good “backsheesh” doubtless had a more decided effect. Mr. Graham was greatly annoyed when he heard of the exaction practised by the Sheik, and offered to apply to the Pasha that I should again have the opportunity of taking photographs within the Mosque enclosure. But I was well content with what I had accomplished, and too much excited by my first undertaking to wish to make a second experiment. And it was well that my visit to Jerusalem took place during the *régimé* of Camel Pasha, for he was soon after this removed, and was succeeded by another, whose religious bigotry was the reverse of the former man’s indifference. To the Royal Princes of England alone have the doors been unclosed since that time.

I shall now suppose that we have left the mosque

by the entrance near St. Stephen's Gate. Before passing out, we take a glance at the residence of the Pasha, which is reputed to be the house in which Pontius Pilate lived. There is, however, nothing to recommend this idea. We notice a little to the east of it the house of the military governor of Jerusalem. When permission can be obtained to ascend its roof, one obtains from it an admirable view of the Mosque enclosure.

As we pass out of the Haram precincts we observe a huge excavation to the left. Here are the reputed remains of Bethesda, at which was performed one of our Lord's most remarkable miracles. Here and there are fragments of ancient arches and other ruins, which leave no doubt of its early origin. All the evidence, too, seems to be favourable to this impression. It is pleasant to consider what may have been its state when visited by "the Son of man," although at the present time the excavation is incapable of retaining any water in its hollow.

We are here in the midst of the Mohammedan quarter. All those dwellings which are contiguous to the mosque enclosure belong to them ; so are those occupying almost the whole of the northern side of the city.

We advance from the St. Stephen's Gate along one of the chief streets of Jerusalem. This is the traditionary "Via Dolorosa." This is the street along which Greeks and Latins declare our Lord was led to be crucified. We shall find many absurd stories

which have their chronicle in the buildings and stones of this street.

We first reach "the Ecce Homo Arch." An examination seems to prove that this arch is of Roman build. A room stands upon its summit, which is part of a Moslem dwelling. But whence its name? Here, say the priestly guides, the Lord of glory was placed by Pontius Pilate, when, being led forth before the multitude, the Roman governor said, "Behold the man."

As we descend the incline, our attention is directed to the continuation of the street which runs from the Damascus Gate. Here stands a dwelling, which in all probability was not in existence a hundred years ago. But it must serve to illustrate some idle legend, and so it is exhibited as "the House of Dives." Our Lord's illustrative account of Dives and Lazarus was not given, so far as we can form a judgment, as the declaration of a fact, known and recognised in His day; but tradition, busily at work in contriving means for extracting money out of the pockets of the unwary pilgrims, fixes upon this as the house of the rich man. And not content with this, a stone is pointed out at the entrance of the house which is declared to be the identical stone on which Lazarus sat at the door of the rich man. I observed when at Jerusalem that it was broken into two pieces. But the same ingenuity which effected its discovery, will doubtless find some other stone which served the same purpose for Lazarus, with which to replace it.



THE ECCE HOMO ARCH.



The Via Dolorosa is continued up the ascent of Mount Zion. We pause before a narrow opening on the right hand. Here is a stone, out of which doubtless more gold has been extracted than out of all those which have a fabled value in the eyes of the Moslems. It is "the stone that would have cried out;" it is that to which our Lord alluded when reproving the Pharisees for their objection to the Hosannahs with which his entry into Jerusalem was greeted. He exclaimed, "If these should hold their peace, the very stones would immediately cry out." Its polished surface testifies to the devout kisses which have been impressed on it by tens of thousands of pilgrims. And while Mr. Calman was pointing it out to me, a child, who was standing behind, and who had been duly enlightened in these mysteries, exclaimed, "That is a holy thing."

This street of course leads to "the Church of the Holy Sepulchre." We arrive at the space which stands before the entrance, and which is faced on the other side by the Greek Convent. There are here many architectural excellencies. Below the tower to the left there is part of a pillar very elaborately carved. The stone carving over the gateway and around the windows is rich and well executed, and those who profess to be good judges consider it to belong to the time of Constantine.

Along its walls are arranged the contents of a stall of shoes; so that the merchandise of man is made very closely to assimilate with the mysteries of religion.

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And as we enter the doorway we are reminded of the very unhappy tenure which the Christian sects have of this structure. The Turk who sits there calmly smoking his pipe, has charge of the building. There he keeps watch until the time arrives for closing the doors, and then Greeks, Latins, Armenians, *cum multis aliis*, are obliged to give up their most sacred places into the charge of the follower of the false prophet.

A large marble slab lies before us as we enter. Over this is suspended a crimson satin canopy. A procession of Greek priests is passing around it, with lighted candles, chanting one of their liturgies. This they call "the stone of anointing." On this, say they, our Lord was laid when he was anointed for his burial.

We pass through a doorway and stand under the great dome which covers the white marble Chapel of the Sepulchre. But how is it that the roof is in such a dilapidated state? Is it possible that convents which are notoriously so wealthy are so mean as to limit their expenditure in a matter of such importance? Nay, it is not so. To repair that dome is a much-coveted honour. It has occupied the thoughts, and formed a subject for debate, in some of the first Cabinets in the world, yet it remains in its present neglected state.

How few think that that dilapidated dome was the cause of the sanguinary war with Russia, in which only a few years ago we had to bear so costly a part!

But it is even so, and the breach remains unhealed.

It has been usual for the Greek and Latin Churches to repair this dome by turns. It was last put in order by the Latins many years ago. Around the dome ere that time were inscriptions in Greek characters ; but the Latins erased them, and replaced them by Latin inscriptions. The indignation of the Greek Church may be better understood than expressed. But they awaited the time when their right of repair would enable them to restore their old inscriptions. But the wary Latins were prepared for such a contingency. The dome was in a state which required attention, and they were prepared to put it in order, and no other sect should have the privilege. The disappointed and chagrined Greeks were loud in their complaints. But their efforts to assume their rights only led to firm opposition and many sanguinary conflicts. These were so continual and disgraceful that they called for foreign intervention. The Emperor of Russia had always bestowed a fostering care on the churches attached to his communion. He knew the political importance of maintaining a firm hold of the Holy Land ; and he trusted that his power and supremacy in the councils of Europe might enable him to carry his point.

But he exaggerated his own influence and vastly underrated the power of his opponents. The Emperor of the French was the warm supporter of Latin pretensions. They looked to him as their champion.

Between the two stood the unfortunate Turk, who dared not favour the one or the other. The representatives of these two great Powers were equally vigorous in their threats and entreaties. And it is not unlikely that the awful proximity of Russia, whose eagles seemed ready to pounce upon Constantinople, would have gained the day, had not England seen the danger which would result from her pretensions being acknowledged, and tacitly thrown her weight into the other scale. Although she did not directly interfere with the question about which the issue was being tried, she yet did not fail to show that she could not quietly stand by and see Turkey overrun by Russian soldiers.

We know what followed. Russia withdrew her ambassador from Constantinople. She declared war against Turkey, crossed the Pruth, and involved so many nations in a contest, whence she came forth with tarnished glory, crippled resources, and a deserved declension in that *prestige* which she had maintained among the nations of the world. And here is the old dome, the shelter of the most debasing superstition—to say nothing worse—for which she paid so costly a price.

No one can be a spectator of the proceedings which are enacted on this spot at the feast of Easter, and fail to speak in the strongest terms. The whole space is crowded with a motley assemblage of Greeks and Armenians, amongst whom bare-footed Arabs scramble, and ride on each other's shoulders,


and perform a variety of fantastic gymnastics. The Latins from the galleries look down with ridiculing exultation upon this scene, as if their own proceedings were not equally absurd and unchristian. Into the Chapel of the Sepulchre a Greek and Armenian Bishop are admitted, and there, by very simple and artificial means, they manufacture the sacred fire. As the time of its appearance approaches, the excitement of the people becomes intense. Serious fights take place, too frequently terminating in bloodshed. The Turkish guards apply vigorously their whips, and in this way check the disgraceful conflicts. And when through the two openings in the sides of the chapel this so-called holy fire appears, the surging multitudes rush onward to the blazing torches to light the wax tapers with which they are furnished. Opening their clothes, they frantically pass these lighted tapers across their breasts, taking care, however, that the operation is too rapid to admit of injury. These tapers are the most holy memorials which they bear away with them of their visit to the Holy Land.

We enter the little marble edifice. It contains two small apartments. The first is a kind of ante-chapel, where we have pointed out to us the stone on which the angel sat at the entrance of the sepulchre. From this we pass through a very low doorway into the inner compartment, which contains the so-called sepulchre. A priest stands there, with a basin of rose-water and a squirt with which he salutes all

those who enter. Truly, we heretics must require an extra allowance of this purifying water. Over the marble slab which covers the sepulchre are silver lamps, which are kept constantly burning. There is nothing to notice about the spot, except the inference that it is almost impossible that any full-grown person could have been laid in such a confined space.

On one side of this great circular building we pass into the Latin chapel, in which there is little worthy of observation. On the other side we enter the Greek church, which is large and well constructed. A splendid malachite altar attracts our attention, which was presented by the late Emperor of Russia. A large dome is constructed over this building, which is surmounted by a cross. When the Prince of Wales was in the Holy City this cross was twice illuminated in honour of his visit. About the middle of the building is placed a large round block of marble, with a black mark of a cross on it. With childish ignorance this is exhibited as the wonderful stone which points to the centre of the earth! I watched with painful interest the gesticulations of a little girl who could not have been above eight years of age, going through her devotions before the stone. The manner in which she prostrated herself, kissed the sacred block with her lips, and touched it with her forehead, with all her other contortions, certainly showed that she had been well trained.

We may now ascend to the Chapel of Calvary. It is quite possible that a crevass which is pointed



out to us in the natural rock, may have been artificially formed. But it is declared to be the rent caused by the earthquake at the Crucifixion. There, too, are the very holes in which the crosses were planted; and here also, wonderful to relate, are the three crosses of our Lord and the two thieves! Surely it can be nothing short of a miracle that while it has been said that wood enough to build a seventy-four gun ship has been distributed as parts of "the true cross," here it is at Jerusalem perfect and entire!

Immediately below this chapel is a recess, that is said to contain a continuation of the rent formed by the earthquake. But it is distinguished in connection with a relic of far more ancient worth, with which is associated the term "Golgotha," or the place of a skull, by which the spot was called where our Lord was crucified. We cannot determine why it was so called. Some think that the formation of the land itself, having the appearance of a skull, may have led to the designation. By others it is supposed to have been the place of public execution, where skulls were sometimes allowed to remain. But no, cry our miracle-mongers. It was so called because the skull of Adam was found there! And this is the spot where the skull was found. This, I believe, now forms one of their holy relics, which certainly must be old enough for the most extreme antiquarian.

A subterranean chapel belongs to the Armenians. Here is pointed out the spot on which the true cross

was found. The architectural features of this part are very fine, and have the appearance of huge crypts.

As Mr. Calman and I were leaving the church we were accosted by a young man, a Copt, who had at one time been in the Malta Protestant College. He invited us to see their chapel, which is an unpretending structure to the right of the entrance. We also followed him to the roof of the adjoining convent, which commands a very fine view of the city. He then inquired whether we should like to see the sacred well; and having provided us with lighted tapers, he led us down a very long flight of steps which, with the passage, was cut out of the solid rock. At the foot of this appeared a large reservoir of water, which may, or may not, be supplied from a spring. Although he had been so many years resident in Jerusalem, Mr. Calman had not been aware of its existence; but it seemed to explain a statement which we had heard, that in the driest season the convent was never without a plentiful supply of water.

Our walk is now directed to the bazaars, which are not of great importance. A very ridiculous theory has been mooted by some who contend for the authenticity of the asserted site of the sepulchre, that there, are the remains of the ancient walls by which Jerusalem was originally enclosed. But the idea is not worthy of being discussed. The most casual observer would see that, besides the absurdity

that would so misshape and contract the size of the ancient city by bringing the walls to the south of the present church, it would leave without such walls the highest ground. An enemy would thus attack the city at a great advantage, which the extension of the enclosure would obviate. The Jews and Romans were too skilled in the art of fortifying a city to have so constructed their defences. But what object could the Christian sects have had in falsifying the locality of the crucifixion and burial of our Lord? My own belief is that it was fixed according to the convenience of the times. The country was then and has ever continued to be in an unsettled and dangerous state. A structure raised without the walls would have been comparatively useless for the observance of constant religious rites and ceremonies. Some locality must therefore be fixed on within the walls; and since the Scriptures were at that time little known and understood, there was no recognition of the fact that Christ "*suffered without the gate.*" The tradition therefore became fixed in the process of time, supported by ignorance as the parent of superstition.

There are no means of forming a satisfactory conclusion concerning the site of Golgotha. I am myself inclined to believe that it was on the south side of the temple's enclosure. This is nothing beyond an opinion, but the grounds of it are as follows:—(1) It was in the immediate proximity of the Temple, the place of sacrifice, and about the spot at which we

may believe Abraham was about to offer up his son. (2) On the other side was the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, defiled by the wicked and idolatrous sacrifices of the Jews, and therefore likely to be used as a place for the execution of criminals. (3) There, too, are the chief places of burial—the rocky sepulchres, one of which may have been formed by Joseph of Arimathea for his own interment. (4) It was, moreover, easy for the people to stand on the opposite hill “beholding.” And (5) I may add that it would seem likely that our Lord was taken out by the gate which was in the Valley of the Tyropean. I merely give the result of my own observations, which need only be taken for as much as they are worth. It is a matter for thankfulness rather than for regret, when God sees fit to leave in doubt and uncertainty places around which a holy interest gathers. This too generally degenerates into superstition. The thoughts and affections become tied to earth which ought to be drawn upward to what is heavenly and spiritual.

We pursue our way in the direction of the bazaars. These are inferior to those which are to be found in the larger cities of the east, but are of the same character. These narrow covered streets, through which people sometimes ride, to the great detriment and inconvenience of foot-passengers, seem very peculiar, from the various trades and occupations being confined to one locality. We pass through the Drapers’ Bazaar, the Tailors’ Bazaar, the Shoe-

makers' Bazaar, the Gold-workers' Bazaar, and so on. The stock-in-trade of the merchants and artisans seems to be inconsiderable; indeed it appears wonderful how many of the people subsist. When we reach the Jewish quarter, our surprise and questions on this point would be increased, did we not know that messengers are annually sent from the Holy Land by the Jews to all other parts of the world to collect alms from their co-religionists for the learned and pious poor of the Holy City. And although this operates as a mighty hindrance to many of the Jews embracing the Christian faith, and gives extraordinary power to the Rabbis, yet my own visits among them enable me to testify of the great change which is passing over their community, and how real and deeply seated is the success which has attended missionary labours among them. No person who has ever dispassionately examined the work has ever questioned the blessing of which it has been productive.

A visit to the Jewish synagogues is very desirable. There are two of large size belonging to the Ashkenazim, which have been in course of erection during the last few years. But the want of funds stands in the way of completion. The great synagogue of the Sephardim stands first in importance. It consists of three distinct chambers leading one into the other. They have little architectural embellishment, and would not be attractive were it not for their age and associations. And if the inattention and disorderly

conduct of the Jews have been the subject of animadversion in many synagogues in Europe, it cannot be said of those at Jerusalem, where their demeanour is most devout. Yet a melancholy interest is cast over the whole scene, when the Christian beholds them with the veil of ignorance and unbelief still obscuring their minds. And it is the more painful when one gazes upon countenances the like of which one may never again see grouped together in any other country of the world, for manly beauty and natural intelligence.

We may now retrace our steps, walking towards the Jaffa Gate. We pass the Prussian Consulate, the Prussian Hospice, the School of Industry, established by the late Miss Cooper, who so devotedly spent her energies and means for the good of Israel, and hence we proceed to the House of Industry. This is the institution established by the London Society, for affording employment to Jewish converts and inquirers who, as unmarried men, are fitted to become inmates. They are taught the trades of turning and carpentry at workshops which are in a neighbouring street. The whole institution is one of the most promising features of the Jerusalem mission.

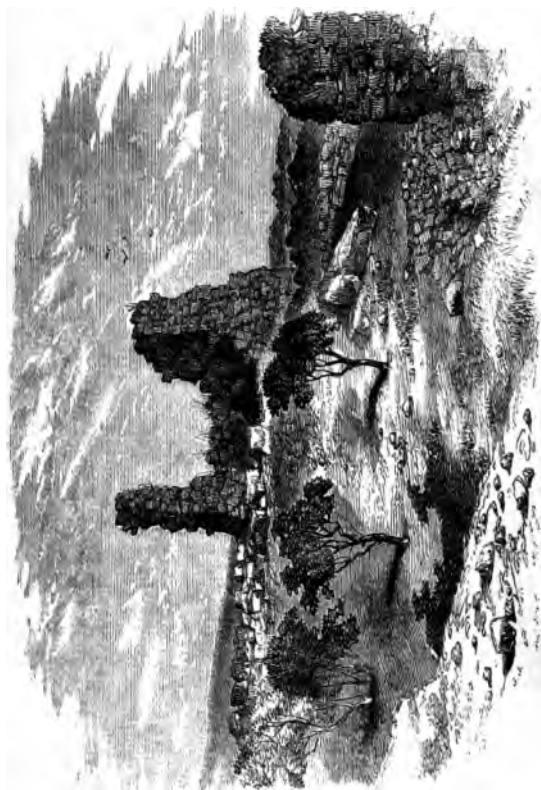
We reach the Damascus Gate, and, having first examined the chambers beneath it, which have the appearance of great antiquity, we ascend to the top for a general view. This is about the best point from whence to study the formation of the ground *on which the city stands*. The valley, called by

Josephus the Tyropean, which divides the upper from the lower city, is unmistakable. Then we trace distinctly the fall in the ground between the Temple Mount and that of Acra, which rises immediately to our left. Few but Mohammedans live on this side of the city. Mount Acra is surmounted by a mosque which gives character to it. The mount, which was called Bezetha, must have been without the modern walls at the north-eastern side, at the place at which the Prince of Wales encamped on the occasion of his visit.

We hasten to close our inspection of Jerusalem. Here is the Latin quarter with the large Latin convent on the highest point of Zion. Passing again by the Castle of David and Christ Church, we reach the Armenian quarter at the other extremity of Zion, which is distinguished as the cleanest and best kept part of Jerusalem. Within the enclosure of their enormous convent is their Church of St. James. This is probably the only place in the Holy Land at which the prohibited "swine" will be found. I saw, myself, when walking on the walls, some large pigs within the walls, and I heard that the flesh which is abominable to the Moslems as well as the Jews, is sometimes to be bought there! But, of course, any one of the animals straying without the enclosure would be at once killed.

There are many objects of minor interest which are to be found in and about the Holy City. There is the pool which is attributed to King Hezekiah,

on the upper part of Zion, and which is still in excellent repair. There are the sepulchres which are said to have belonged to the prophets, which overlook the Valley of Jehoshaphat. There is the curious flight of stone steps in the English burial-ground, which was discovered when some cuttings were being made. But although every stone, every nook and corner, has more or less interest in our eyes, yet we must very unwillingly turn away from this, the most venerated city in the world, and direct our footsteps to some other parts of the land.



BEIHANY AND THE TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF LAZARUS.

PART II.

BETHANY is a Sabbath day's journey from Jerusalem. As the traveller rides it is little short of two miles. The hill on which the village is built is a part of the chain which forms the Mount of Olives. It is in this way that we reconcile the ascension of our Lord as having taken place from the Mount of Olives (Acts i. 12); and at the same time our Lord, when doing so, taking his disciples as far as Bethany (Luke xxiv. 50).

We ride to Bethany on our way to Jericho, the Jordan, and the northern side of the Dead Sea. The valleys and undulations are here very picturesque. Looking southward, the probable site of Bethphage is seen, and the village whither our Lord sent his disciples to bring the colt of the ass, which was to bear him in triumph to the Holy City. It is probable that the point of the hill which overlooks Bethany, and from which we obtain the first glimpse of the village, is that from which he ascended to heaven.

A large ruin strikes us at the head of the village. This is the traditional house of Lazarus. In this, we are told, lived that happy and blessed

family, with whom the Lord of glory was wont to take sweet counsel. The only point at which we may be able to arrive is that the masonry seems to be Roman. The original structure may, therefore, be coeval with the time of our Lord.

The appearance of a traveller is sure to bring out one or two natives, who are anxious to earn a piastre or two by showing the reputed place of the burial of Lazarus. This is a cave on the north side of the village, which has as little basis for the tradition as most other holy places in the country.

The road over which we are about to pass is truly rough and strange. Rocks and hills rise on every side in fantastic variety. A wild desolation overspreads the face of nature, and nowhere will the traveller have a more vivid realization of the external barrenness with which the land has been visited than in these regions. When we approach that part to which it is said our Lord referred in the parable of "the Good Samaritan," we can conceive how likely were such events as that from which he took his illustration. It is just the kind of locality which robbers would be disposed to haunt; and, in truth, it has not the best of reputations at this day. It is peculiarly noted in the proximity of the ruined *Khan*, which tradition says is the site of the inn to which the Samaritan took the wounded Jew.

As we ride down the mountains we are struck by a deep gorge, which runs almost parallel with

the winding road. Being able at one or two points to see the bottom, we observe that a small rivulet is coursing its way through this hollow. This is the brook Cherith, where Elijah took shelter when fleeing from the presence of the vengeful Ahab. Here the great prophet of God was fed by the ravens at the command of the Most High. I was told that it rarely happens that at any season of the year the stream is dried up.

We are here on the hills immediately overlooking the plain of the Jordan. Those on the left hand are called the Quarantina Mountains, and have the reputation of being the mountains of the wilderness to which our Lord retired when he encountered the forty days' temptation of the great adversary of souls. Those mountains abound with caves and various excavations, which were in former ages the favourite resort of monks, who vainly sought thus to exclude themselves from the world.

From this point we have a good view of the northern extremity of the Dead Sea, and may observe near its border the remains of an old church, standing upon the site of Beth-Hoglah. Indeed, with the aid of a telescope, it is pleasant to trace the various points of interest to be visited. The Spring of Elisha rises under the hills to the left. A beautiful spot it is, green with verdure and foliage. And there, is the fine old Roman aqueduct, that conducts its waters down to Jericho, the miserable hamlet which we notice below.

The general impression is, that the present village of Jericho is not the site of the old "City of Palm Trees." The Scripture statements would associate it more probably with the Spring of Elisha. We read in 2 Kings ii. 19, "*And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake.*" This leads to the belief that the ancient city was near to the spring, the waters of which are sweet and good.

Not a palm tree is to be seen in this region. The Fellaheen who inhabit the wretched village, correspond in character and condition with the appearance of their dwellings. They are so exposed to the depredations of the Bedouins that they seem never to desire anything beyond the supply of the scanty wants of each day. A tower on the borders of the village is still inhabited by a Turkish official, and is dignified with the appellation of the Castle.

Mr. Finn and Mr. Graham having encamped close by the village, Mr. Elijah Meshullam and I rode onward to the Jordan. We were accompanied by two of the *Havaleghs*, or soldiers, who were indifferently mounted, and yet more indifferently armed; and a

Fellah carried my photographic apparatus on one of our mules.

We had not proceeded far, when our attention was attracted by a group of horsemen in the distance ; and there was immediate excitement when we saw two of them detach themselves from the rest of the party, and ride towards us at full gallop. A cry arose, "The Bedouins ! the Bedouins !" and at this cry our little party drew together, while the soldiers brought up to their shoulders their worthless match-locks. I said to Mr. Meshullam, "Let us ride onward. It will not do to appear to be afraid." But he replied, "Oh, that never would do. We must stop here to parley with them."

The splendidly-mounted horsemen were not long in closing the distance between us. With uplifted spears, it appeared as if they intended to transfix us, when they suddenly reared in their panting steeds, and my companions saw that they belonged to a friendly tribe. They were men of enormous size, and were engaged in escorting another company of travellers, who were now retracing their steps to Jerusalem. These were a party of Americans, who gave us a cheer as they passed by.

The scattered shrubs and trees which mark the plain were exchanged for trees of considerable size, and vigorous vegetation, as we approached the most renowned river in the world. There, the Saviour of mankind, in fulfilling all righteousness, was baptized. There, the people of Israel passed dryshod through

its cleft waters. God again interposed his miraculous power, when Elijah smote its stream with his mantle, and it was divided to afford him a passage over to the opposite mountains, from whence he ascended to heaven. And the sloping banks which we pass about two hundred yards ere we reach the stream, seem to indicate that the former boundaries of the river were far wider than what they are at the present time, particularly in those parts which are contiguous to the plain.

The spot at which we arrive is commonly called the Bathing-place. It is to this part that multitudes of pilgrims come to bathe in the sacred stream. They believe it to be the place at which our Lord was baptized. But "Bethabara beyond Jordan," where John was baptizing, was most probably higher up the river. I did not, however, fail to plunge into the stream; taking great care to avoid the centre of the current, which runs with considerable swiftness, and against which I might have found it impossible to swim. After photographing and cutting off many sticks, as memorials of my visit, we again mounted, and retraced our way to Jericho. Here we slept, although the yells of the groups of jackals, who approached as near as they dared to the village, were well sustained during the whole night.

I have written about the localities of this neighbourhood in my work on "the Dead Sea." All our party journeyed the following morning to see the remains of Goumran, and yet farther from this the



THE JORDAN AND THE BATHING-PLACE.

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Spring of El Fechkhah. In the former place are many old Roman remains, and it is delightful at the latter to find vigorous tropical vegetation, even on the verge of great desolation and barrenness.

We are now about to return to Jerusalem by the way of the Valley of the Kidron. This ascent is even more wild and romantic than that by which we descended. The view up the Ghor, or Plain of the Jordan, is very fine, and at the distance of about seventy miles we can distinctly see the snowy peak of Mount Hermon, or the Djebel esh Sheik.

Our progress is continued to the Convent of Mar-Saba, one of the most romantic structures in the world. Their nest is truly among the rocks. The great convent, built among the rocks, is altogether inaccessible to the wild Bedouins; and in this mountain fastness the occupants are secure, as long as they keep well barricaded the strong entrance. It is here that travellers are received, and obtain a lodging for the night on their way to or from the Jordan.

It was Christmas Eve, and we were anxious to reach Jerusalem that night. The presence of the British Consul secured our being admitted at any hour; and onward we pursued our way, aided by the light of the moon. At one time we came suddenly upon an Arab encampment, and the sight was wild and extraordinary to a degree—their black tents being seen in bold outline against the blazing fires. Had I been disposed to go to Bethlehem that night, Mr. Meshullam could have obtained for me access to the

convent. There I should have been a spectator of the awful mummeries which the Latins carry on during the whole of the night, in commemoration of the birth of our Lord. But I was unwilling to disturb the quietness and peace of the day, which I hoped to enjoy in the Holy City. And right glad were we to find ourselves safe and sound within its walls at about half-past ten o'clock that night.

There are many expeditions which may be taken from Jerusalem, to which I need merely allude. One of these is to Nebi Samwil, of which I have already made mention. Another is by the Convent of the Cross to "the Valley of Roses," so called because of the many roses which are cultivated there. These are employed for scenting the soap which is made in Jerusalem, and of which large quantities are sold to the pilgrims. The same road leads on to "Philip's Fountain," at which tradition says he baptized the Eunuch. It is distinguished by its fine spring, and by the imposing architectural details by which it is surrounded.

Other expeditions may be undertaken to Tekoah and to the Frank Mountain, the last stronghold which was maintained by the Crusaders. And few of these outlying spots are more worthy of a visit than the Cave of Adullam, which has the reputation of being that to which David was wont to resort with his men. The labyrinth of chambers which lead one into the other would render their exploration dangerous without a guide.

Our next expedition will be to Bethlehem, Hebron, and the south side of the Dead Sea. My visits to the former place, and on to the Valley of Artas, were very frequent. On one occasion I enjoyed the satisfaction of riding over to Artas on a Sunday morning and conducting a service for the family of the Meshullams.

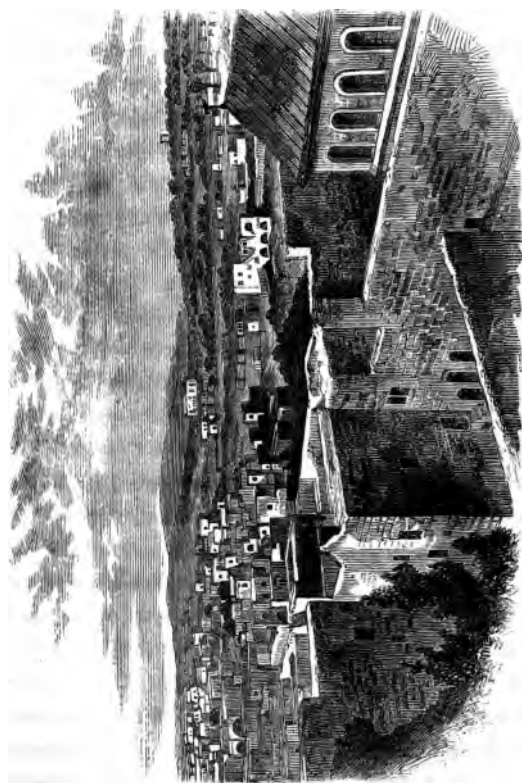
Our ride to Bethlehem is from the Jaffa Gate. Passing down the Valley of Gihon we reach the enclosure of the ground purchased by Sir Moses Montefiore. A solid and well-built wall has been erected around it by the Jews, on one extremity of which they have written in Hebrew characters his initials (M. M.). As it was too rocky for the cultivation of anything but olive trees, it was a matter of much debate to what use it should be applied. It was proposed that an hospital should be built there; but that plan was very wisely abandoned, and a more useful undertaking has been carried out in the erection of a flour-mill. Since that time, I believe, other buildings have been erected. Everything that encourages industrial pursuits among the Jews is of great value.

Riding up the slope of the valley, and leaving the Hill of Evil Counsel to the left, we find ourselves on the Plain of Rephaim. Here we shall in the season see fields of the finest wheat and barley, which, with other productions, are cultivated in this land year after year without any attempt to manure.

forced to do so. They have taken a successful stand at Beit-Jaleh, and, doubtless, expect in process of time to convert all the village to their own faith.

Our way into Bethlehem is through gardens of fig and olive, and vineyards. The thriving appearance of the city stands now in favourable contrast with its state some years ago. Bethlehem has become the seat of a considerable trade with the surrounding country in grain, olive oil, and other productions. Here reside many Greek and Armenian merchants, who are engaged in it, who are well known to have become rich, and who have built large and substantial houses. This has served greatly to improve the condition of the place, the inhabitants of which are asserted to be the best looking in the country.

We are assailed by a multitude of relic-vendors, and, having escaped from their importunities, make our way to the roof of the convent. How many sweet and blessed associations are connected with this place! We look down on the fields to the eastward, which still are known as "the Farm of Jesse." There we may conceive that David fed his father's flock, when he slew the lion and the bear, and when the beauties of nature by day, and the spectacle of the star-spangled firmament by night, were means by which the Spirit of God was fitting him to record many of the most beautiful Psalms that bear his name. It is, moreover, the only part of the country that seems to correspond with the requirements of



BETHLEHEM FROM THE ROOF OF THE CONVENT.


the place, where the Jewish shepherds were watching their flocks by night, when the angelic messenger proclaimed that even then the promised Messiah, the Lord of Glory, had been born into the world.

Near the south side is the Well of David. It was from this that we have reason to suppose he desired water to drink, when the three valiant men broke through the army of the Philistines, and obtained for him that which he desired. The valley below is that of Artas. We shall presently see there, in a high state of cultivation, the ground which is supposed to occupy the site of Solomon's Gardens, of which the Book of Canticles speaks. We have, too, before us some good specimens of the terrace cultivation, by means of which every inch of land up to the highest point was brought under culture.

The convent is in the possession of the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians. Each sect has its own chapel, and the structure on which we are looking down is the nave, and, indeed, the main part of "the Church of the Nativity."

Let us descend to the entrance, in order that we may examine its details. The nave itself is a noble building. There are several fine rows of pillars which support the roof, which give it an impressive appearance. From this we pass into the chapels belonging to the respective sects, none of which are of importance.

We place ourselves under the guidance of one of the Latin monks, who belong to the order of Fran-



ciscans. He supplies us with lighted tapers, and we descend to the subterranean passages. These are all cut out of the solid rock ; and the chambers at the sides he points out as the tombs of Eusebius, Jerome, Joseph, Paulina, and the Innocents. Jerome is depicted in a painting over his tomb writing the Vulgate. Our guide tells us, that there were twenty thousand of the Innocents murdered by order of Herod, but that they had not all the bones, for many of the mothers would not give up the remains of their children ! From this he conducts us by another passage to the Chapel of the Nativity. Here, under a small arch, is a marble slab, fixed in the floor, which they affirm is placed on the spot where the Lord Jesus was born. A silver star is inlaid in the slab, and the monk pointed out the mark of a much larger star which originally filled the space, but which he told us had been stolen by their rivals the Greeks. Silver lamps are hung from the arch, and kept constantly burning.

An altar is erected in honour of the Virgin Mary, over which are two fine paintings. There is also a small and beautifully-executed Madonna, by Carlo Dolce. A flight of steps lead from this to the gaudily-ornamented Chapel of the Greeks, who, with the Abyssinians, have also free access to the church.

But can this be the place of the Nativity ? The probabilities are all against the theory. To say nothing of the doubt that any record could have been preserved of the spot where the stable stood, it is

unlikely in the greatest degree that it could have been so much underground. Caverns were used, and caverns are still used for that purpose, but the depth of this below the surface is such as to unfit it for any purpose of the kind. It is, however, a question of little importance, except so far as the maintenance of idle superstition is concerned.

We may now proceed to the pleasant Valley of Artas, which is being cultivated by Mr. Meshullam. The stream that runs through this valley is the cause of its great productiveness. By means of it, irrigation can be carried on to any extent; and thus we find that at all seasons of the year there is a succession of fine vegetable crops. Here we have carrots, turnips, beet-root, cauliflowers, growing with the greatest vigour, and of the best kind. Higher up the valley are many fruit trees, among which the standard peach, when in full bearing, looks very beautiful. Even upon the rocky sides of the valley, potatoes are cultivated by Mr. Meshullam with great success; and not only does he supply the convents with vegetables, but he is one of the chief contributors to the market at Jerusalem. Were it not for the requisitions of his Arab neighbours, and the proportion of produce which he has to pay to the owners of the land, his undertaking would be most profitable. But, with all these difficulties, he contrives to support himself and family with patriarchal simplicity. The bold independence which has led him to carry out this undertaking, and the example

which he has thus set of patient industry, may well commend him to our interest.

On the 15th of December, I rode alone hither from Jerusalem, in the hope of obtaining the company and co-operation of Mr. Elijah Meshullam in a trip which Mr. Graham and I contemplated taking to the south side of the Dead Sea. I should not have thought of such a journey had I not promised ere I left England that I would, if possible, investigate the ground on which M. de Sauley, the French traveller, had declared that he had discovered the remains of Sodom and Gomorrah on the borders of the Dead Sea. Into this question I do not now propose to enter, except as explanatory of my subsequent movements. I shall only introduce some passages from my work on "the Dead Sea," in taking up the narrative which refers to our proceedings in that locality. We had almost abandoned the idea of pursuing this course, had not the fine weather encouraged us to hope that it might be successfully accomplished.

Although Mr. E. Meshullam's engagement would not admit of his being long absent, he consented to accompany us as far as Hebron. His preparations were soon completed, and we rode up the southern side of the valley to the Pools of Solomon. There it was arranged that the rest of the party from Jerusalem should meet us; and we hoped that they would arrive at such an hour as would enable us to reach Hebron ere it became very late.

I had here a second opportunity of examining those

great reservoirs which, there can be little doubt, may look upon Solomon as their author. They are of immense size, and worthy of such a king. The upper one is the largest of the three, and, I believe, is full 600 feet in length, and of other corresponding dimensions. The natural supply is from a fountain at the head; but it is only in the rainy seasons that these pools are filled. They are kept in repair by the Government, and the so-called castle, which has been built close to them, and which was originally intended to check marauders, is nominally now used for the protection of the pools.

Here Mr. Meshullam's younger brother had taken up his temporary quarters, being at that time engaged in superintending some agricultural proceedings in that locality. He set to work to make us some coffee, while I went into the enclosure adjoining the castle, to inspect the great flock of goats which are every night folded there. They are the finest breed of these animals I have ever seen. Their average value is about seven shillings each; but the skins, which are used for the carriage of water, oil, &c., are the most valuable part. It was interesting to observe the way in which they were tended, the shepherds carrying the kids in their arms, and even in the bosom of their long robe, thus fully illustrating the statements of Scripture.

It was not till eight o'clock, when we had almost abandoned the hope of seeing the rest of our party, that they made their appearance. We held a consulta-

tion as to what we should do. To remain in such quarters seemed to be out of the question. Should we endeavour to get accommodation for the night at the neighbouring convent of St. George, or proceed on our way? We knew that the moon would rise about ten o'clock, and we therefore made up our minds to venture on to Hebron that night.

But our muleteer was most obstinate. He had unburdened his mules, and he had no idea of our pursuing our journey. Mr. Meshullam, who knew best how to deal with these people, resorted to rather strong measures, and it was only then that he prepared to depart. We certainly had no cause to complain of him from that time forth, for even when we might have expected opposition he was most willing and obliging.

We had not proceeded far, and were wending our way over a very rocky eminence, when suddenly Mr. Meshullam, who was riding just before me, drew his rifle to his shoulder, and shouted out in Arabic, "Who is that? who is that?" Before I had time to inquire the cause of his alarm, I saw a tall Arab, gun in hand, passing rapidly from behind a rock, where he had been skulking, and in a few moments he disappeared. When Mr. Meshullam first saw him, his gun was directed at us, and it is possible that his exclamation had preserved one of our party from being shot. These robbers are wont to lurk about at night, in the expectation of entrapping some unprotected traveller.

Ours was a strange moonlight ride. Here and there we noticed straggling ruins, the most striking of which are those called "the Lady of the Convent." Many of the hills are clothed with rhododendrons, which must have a beautiful appearance when in flower. But far more pleasant to our weary frames than anything else was the first sight of Hebron. It was with difficulty I could keep my eyes open. Nevertheless I led the way to the Quarantine establishment, at which we had determined to take up our quarters.

We enjoyed about three hours of sound sleep, and after breakfast proceeded to inspect the town and neighbourhood. Nothing can be more picturesque than the view of this ancient city—about the oldest of which we have any record—when seen from the rocky hills on the south. The city is irregularly built, and lies along the valley. On the right is the Mohammedan quarter, from which stands up with majestic prominence the enclosure of the Mosque of Machpelah. More in the centre is the Jewish quarter; and in a detached part to the left, among many other buildings, may be seen the residence of the Governor.

After photographing from these heights, we proceeded to the town, passing on our way a large reservoir in excellent repair, which is considered to be the pool over which David hung the murderer of Ishbosheth (Sam. iv. 12). We then went to the entrance of the mosque, having determined to make

an effort to get on the roof of one of the adjacent houses, in the hope that from that point we might be able to get some view of the interior.

After much coaxing and the promise of a "back-sheesh," one of the Moslems consented that we should ascend to the roof of his dwelling. As we mounted the steps we heard a great screaming and shuffling, and on reaching a small upper square, found three or four women hurrying off at their utmost speed, to escape the curious eye of the strange Franks. Although their appearance was very unattractive, yet it was unlawful that they should be seen with their faces uncovered, by any but their own husbands. On this place were collected the appliances and materials for preparing a dish, which, although very highly esteemed, would not commend itself to our appetites when seeing the process of preparation. It is composed of meat and rice seasoned, chopped up very fine, and rolled in pieces of cabbage leaf. It is then boiled and eaten cold; but the amount of manipulation, by hands which do not appear to be of the cleanest, is not a recommendation!

We had miscalculated the height of the mosque walls. They were far above the roof of the highest houses, and we descended without having obtained a photograph. I contented myself with taking views of the two entrances, there being no possibility of our passing beyond that sacred limit.

I shall here insert the account which we have received of what was observed on the occasion of the

Prince of Wales' visit to this place. For the first and only time the doors have been thrown open to a non-Mohammedan; and although the results of this visit are not such as to satisfy us in that which is of the chief importance, yet we may hope that the way has thereby been prepared for future researches.

"You, who know the spot so well, will have followed us to the point where inquiring travellers have from generation to generation been checked in their approach to this, the most ancient and the most authentic of all the holy places of the holy lands. Let me for a moment recapitulate its history. On the slope of that hill was, beyond all question, situated the rock with its double cave which Abraham bought from Ephron the Hittite as his earliest possession in Palestine. 'There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah' (Gen. xlix. 31); and thither, when he himself died on the banks of the Nile, his body, embalmed with all the art of Egypt, was conveyed, with a vast Egyptian escort, to the frontiers of the Holy Land, and deposited, according to his dying wish, 'with his fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan' (Gen. xlix. 29, 30). Of all the great patriarchal family Rachel alone is absent, in the tomb selected for her by Jacob on the spot where she died on the way to Bethlehem. We are not left to conjecture the reverence


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that was paid to this spot when the descendants of Abraham dwelt in the country and occupied it as their own. Josephus expressly informs us that it was surrounded by them with vast walls, existing even to his day. That these walls are the massive enclosures on the exterior of which so many eager eyes have been fixed in our own times, can hardly be doubted. Their size, their bevelled frames, their agreement with the description of Josephus, which became still more conspicuous as we approached them close at hand, and saw, more distinctly than could have been otherwise possible, their polished, well-wrought surface, accords with an early Jewish origin, and with no other. But beyond this has hitherto been a matter, if not, indeed, of total ignorance, yet of uncertainty even more provoking than ignorance itself. From the accounts of the pilgrims of the 7th and 8th centuries we learn that already by that time a Christian church had been erected within the Jewish enclosure. This church, after the expulsion of the Christians by the Mussulmans, was known to have been converted into a mosque. Whether the cave was *visible* within the building is a matter on which the mediæval visitants to the spot vary so widely as to leave us in complete doubt. But that it lay within was never questioned by any, whether Jew or Mussulman; and the tremendous sanctity with which these last occupants have invested the spot is, in fact, a living witness of the unbroken local veneration with which all three religions have honoured the

great patriarch, whose title has, in the mouths of the native population, long superseded the ancient appellation of 'Hebron,' now called by no other name than 'El-Khalil'—'the Friend of God.' Within this sacred precinct, accordingly, for 600 years no European, except by stealth, has ever set foot. Three accounts alone have in modern times given anything like a description of the interior;—one, extremely brief and confused, by an Italian servant of Mr. Bankes, who entered in disguise; another by an English clergyman (the Rev. Vere Monro), who does not, however, appear to speak from his own testimony; and a third, more distinct, by Ali Bey, a Spanish renegade. While the other sacred places in Palestine, the mosque at Jerusalem, and the mosque at Damascus, have been thrown open at least to distinguished travellers, this still remains, even to Royal personages, hermetically sealed. To break through this mystery, to clear up this uncertainty, even irrespectively of the extraordinary interest attaching to the spot, will, I have no doubt, appear to many an object not unworthy of the first visit of a Prince of Wales to the Holy Land, and as such it has been felt by his Royal Highness and by those who have accompanied him on the present occasion.

"To resume my narrative, which I will confine as much as possible to such points as need not involve a discussion of mere antiquarian details. At the head of the staircase, which, by its long ascent, showed that the platform of the mosque was on the

uppermost slope of the hill, and, therefore, above the level where, if anywhere, the sacred cave would be found, we entered the precincts of the mosque itself, and were received by one of its guardians, a descendant of one of the companions of Mohammed, with the utmost courtesy on his part, though not without deep groans from some of his attendants, redoubled as we moved from one sacred spot to another. We passed (without our shoes) through an open court into the mosque. With regard to the building itself, two points at once became apparent; first, that it had been originally a Byzantine church. To any one acquainted with the Cathedral of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and with the monastic churches of Mount Athos, this is evident from the double narthex or portico, and from the four pillars of the nave. Secondly, that it had been converted, at a much later period, into a mosque. This is indicated by the pointed arches, and by the truncation of the apse. This building occupies (to speak roughly) about one-third of the platform. I proceed to describe its relation to the sepulchres of the patriarchs. It is the innermost of the outer porticoes which contain the two first. In the recess on the right is the alleged tomb of Abraham, on the left that of Sarah, each guarded by silver gates. The shrine containing the tomb of Sarah we were requested not to enter, as being that of a woman. The shrine of Abraham, after a momentary hesitation, and with a prayer offered to the patriarch for permis-



sion to enter, was thrown open. The chamber is cased in marble. The tomb consists of a coffin-like structure, like most Moslem tombs, built up of plastered stone or marble, and hung with carpets—green, embroidered with gold. The three which cover this tomb are said to have been presented by Mohammed II., Selim I., and the late Sultan, Abdul Medjid. I need hardly say that this tomb (and the same remark applies to all the others) does not profess to be more than a cenotaph, raised above the actual grave which lies beneath. But it was impossible not to feel a thrill of unusual emotion at standing in a relation so near to such a spot—an emotion, I may add, enhanced by the rare occasion which had opened the gates of that consecrated place (as the guardian of the mosque expressed it) ‘to no one less than the eldest son of the Queen of England.’ Within the area of the church or mosque were shown, in like manner, the tombs of Isaac and Rebekah. They differed from the two others in being placed under separate chapels, and closed, not with silver, but iron gates. To Rebekah’s tomb the same decorous rule of the exclusion of male visitors naturally applied as in the case of Sarah’s. But, on requesting to see the tomb of Isaac, we were entreated not to enter, and on asking, with some surprise, why an objection which had been conceded for Abraham should be raised in the case of his far less eminent son, were answered that the difference lay in the characters of the two patriarchs:—‘Abra-

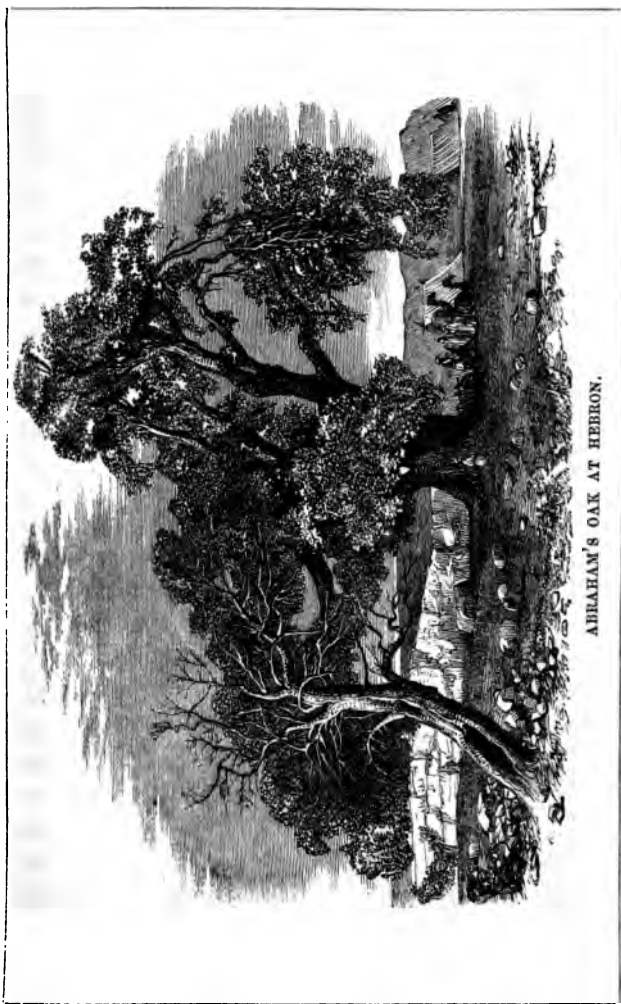
ham was full of lovingkindness; he had withstood even the resolution of God against Sodom and Gomorrah; he was goodness itself, and would overlook any affront. But Isaac was proverbially jealous, and it was exceedingly dangerous to exasperate him. When Ibrahim Pasha (as conqueror of Palestine) had endeavoured to enter, he had been driven out by Isaac, and fell back as if thunderstruck.' The chapel, in fact, contains nothing of interest; but I mention this story both for the sake of the singular sentiment which it expresses, and also because it well illustrates the peculiar feeling which (as we were told) had tended to preserve the sanctity of the place—an awe amounting to terror of the great personages who lay beneath, and who would, it was supposed, be sensitive to any disrespect shown to their graves, and revenge it accordingly.

"The tombs of Jacob and Leah were shown in recesses corresponding to those of Abraham and Sarah, but in a separate cloister, opposite the entrance of the mosque. Against Leah's tomb, as seen through the grate, two green banners reclined, the origin and meaning of which were unknown. The gates of Jacob's shrine were opened without difficulty, but it calls for no special remark.

"Thus far the monuments of the mosque adhere strictly to the biblical account, as given above. The variation which follows rests, as I am informed by Dr. Rosen, on the general tradition of the country (justified, perhaps, by an ambiguous expression in

Josephus), that the body of Joseph, after having been deposited first at Shechem (Joshua xxiv. 32), was subsequently transported to Hebron. But the peculiar situation of this alleged tomb agrees with the exceptional character of the tradition. It is in a domed chamber attached to the enclosure from the outside, and reached, therefore, by an aperture broken through the massive wall itself, and thus visible on the exterior of the southern side of the wall. It is less costly than the others, and it is remarkable that, although the name of his wife (according to the Mussulman version, Zuleika) is inserted in the certificates given to pilgrims who have visited the mosque, no grave having that appellation is shown. No other tombs were exhibited in the mosque. Two, resembling those of Isaac and Rebekah, which were seen (by one of our party only) within an adjacent smaller mosque, were afterwards explained to us as merely ornamental.

“It will be seen that up to this point no mention has been made of the subject of the greatest interest to all of us—namely, the sacred cave itself in which one at least of the patriarchal family may still be believed to repose intact—the embalmed body of Jacob. It may be well supposed that to this object our inquiries were throughout directed. One indication alone of the cavern beneath was visible. In the interior of the mosque, at the corner of the shrine of Abraham, was a small circular hole, about eight inches across, of which one foot above



ABRAHAM'S OAK AT HEBRON.

is known to the Mussulmans themselves. The unmistakable terror to which I have before alluded is of itself a guarantee that they would not enter into the cave if they could, and the general language of the Arabic histories of the mosque is in the same direction."

I can certify to the ancient appearance of the mosque walls. Not only are the stones of Jewish origin, and many of them of great size (one, we calculated, was nine feet long), but every stone seems to be in its original position, having never been detached. This would probably make it the oldest complete structure in existence.

Passing through the city we observed a very large bottle manufactory. These are the great skin bottles which are in common use, and of which several thousands were in process of being cured and prepared for sale.

Our walk in the afternoon was to Mamre and the Valley of Eshcol, which are contiguous, and are about half a mile from the city. Eshcol is still celebrated for its fine grapes, which most certainly excel in quality and size any produced by ordinary means in any other part of the world. At Mamre is the great oak, under which tradition says that Abraham was sitting when he was visited by the three angels. I need not say that this tradition can have no foundation; but Eusebius mentions a celebrated tree which was there in his day, and we may believe this to be the same. It is the finest tree I saw in the country,

and is regarded in a sacred light by the Moham-medans. A watchman is placed there to protect it and the adjoining vineyards. As he had an axe in his hand we asked him to cut off for me a small dry branch, but he excused himself from doing so, alleging that a spirit inhabited the tree, which would do him some injury if he touched it. As we had no such scruples he allowed us to use his axe, and I carried off this small limb as a memorial of my visit.

After much difficulty, arrangements were made for our visit to the south extremity of the Dead Sea, and some extracts from my work on the subject will be sufficient to illustrate this part of our journey.

“Although but little is known, and still less has been written, concerning this part of the land of Palestine, my determination to circumscribe the limits of this narrative will lead me to omit the mention of any but leading points. The Abou-Daouk tribe were at this time at war with the Government. They had refused to pay the usual taxes, and in consequence they might at any time have been attacked by the Turkish soldiery. Although it was not likely that the indifferently disciplined and poorly equipped troops of the Turkish Government (whose number at that time, as it happened, was not one hundred and fifty throughout the land of Palestine) would venture to attack these Bedouins, yet it was expedient for them to guard against surprise. They accordingly were moving about from place to place, and at this time

Sheik Hamsi did not know where Abou-Daouk was to be found.

“We passed along the wilderness of Ziph and that of Maon, so celebrated in the annals of the life of David. Our guide was evidently at fault, when happily we fell in with a party of Arabs, who told him that Abou-Daouk was now encamped at a place called Kharbet-el-Khalyle. In that direction therefore we wended our way, scrambling across ravines, and up and down hills, to accomplish which we were oftentimes obliged to dismount. Nevertheless, this part of our journey was pleasant and interesting; the country, notwithstanding the absence of trees, being picturesque, and its aspect uncommon. The heath, cultivated in our English hothouses, was here seen in great variety and abundance, and at this season was flowering beautifully.

“About ten o'clock we approached the Bedouin encampment, which was one of great extent. It is difficult to conceive any spectacle more imposing than that which met our gaze. The descent to the plain, on which the black tents of Kedar were spread far and wide, was long and steep. Flocks of sheep and goats, with groups of camels, were scattered in various directions, while the horses of the Arab chiefs were picketed in the neighbourhood of their tents. Women might be observed in various directions engaged in some manual occupation, while the men for the most part were slothfully resting in their tents. Next to one of these a large spear was stuck

into the ground, which indicated that it was the then abode of Abou-Daouk.

“Our arrival was speedily communicated to the Bedouins. Presently they began to emerge from their tents, and were greeted by us as if they had been old acquaintances. I seated myself on the box containing my camera, and the Bedouins formed a large semicircle, each man having his empty pipe in his hand. After a short time, the man standing next to me touched me on the shoulder, and pointed to his pipe. This was of course intended to signify that they expected them to be filled. Knowing that the servant had laid in a stock of tobacco as presents, I intimated by gestures that soon they should have what they wanted. But after a minute or two the request was repeated, and it was only then that I heard from the servant that all had been given to the Sheik, and that to meet the wants of these people we should require an enormous quantity of their favourite weed. It would have amused my readers to have observed the manner in which I laughingly delivered myself from their importunity, by informing them that the Sheik had already obtained possession of all the tobacco that we had brought with us. They beat a retreat to their tents with the utmost docility and good humour.

“Something, however, still remained to be done. Every European is necessarily a *Hakeem*, or medical man, and the sick were consequently brought forward for our inspection. Unfortunately we had no medi-

cines with us, and could only offer advice, which it is easy to conceive was not of the best professional character. Nevertheless the feeling of pulses, and examination of eyes and tongues, was not the less studied and significant. One poor man was evidently suffering from internal disease, and we urged that he should go to Jerusalem to take the advice of our medical men there. But the fear of being taken captive by the Turks prevented his acting on our advice in this respect. We took a photograph of the encampment without the slightest interruption. The people did not betray the least curiosity to know what we were doing. Abou-Daouk was unable, on account of his own indisposition, to accompany us, but he provided us with an additional escort, with which we proceeded on our way.

“The roads in most of the parts through which we journeyed, could not be considered bad. Although narrow and winding, they were free from that accumulation of rocks and loose rolling stones which the traveller encounters on the mountains of Judea. But while this is generally so, there are spots which are as rugged and dangerous as it is possible to conceive. We had frequently occasion to dismount and lead our horses, and even then to be most cautious how we proceeded along the winding precipitous tracks. The baggage-mules and our own horses occasionally fell, but happily without any ill consequences. High conical hills interrupted the view on almost every side ; on the very summits and

sides of which we saw at times the figures of camels, and flocks of goats and sheep. Some of the Wadys, or valleys with watercourses, were truly grand, but the rains had not up to this time been sufficiently heavy to occasion any flow of water in them.

“Knowing that the accomplishment of our journey within the time which we could conveniently spare depended greatly on the speed with which we travelled, Mr. Graham and myself each rode behind one of our baggage-mules, and kept them up to their full walking pace. The muleteer did not object to this proceeding, since it saved him much trouble; and to this we have, I believe, chiefly to attribute our having effected our object within so short a time as to excite the surprise of even the old residents in the country. Our own saddle-bags were furnished with provisions, so that we could partake of refreshments without the need of any lengthened halt during the day.

“The day was closing when we arrived at the Ras-el-Kader. Here there was a smaller encampment of the same tribe, and on this spot we proposed spending the night. Our tent was soon pitched, and our simple repast concluded. After preparing our photographic paper for the following day's work, and taking a view of the encampment, which was lighted up with a large number of blazing fires, we retired to rest. It was the first time that I had slept under a tent, and happily on this, as well as on other occasions, my repose was as sound and invigorating



ENCAMPMENT OF BEDOUINS NEAR THE DEAD SEA.



as it could have been under the most favourable circumstances.

“At two o'clock the next morning we were up, and roused our attendants to prepare for the day's travel. Although we put our own hands to the work with a view of hastening and encouraging them, yet, as is always the case when tents are to be struck and mules loaded, it was more than two hours before we were on our road.

“Our Bedouins having an encampment at this place, were very anxious to persuade us to return to it, and to this end represented the distance to the Djebel Esdoum as being but six hours, when, as we afterwards found, it was between eight and nine. We, however, declined to entertain this proposal, and decided that while we proceeded to the South-western extremity of the Dead Sea, our baggage should be transported to the Ras-el-Zouera, at which we arranged to encamp the following night.

“We had the advantage of the moon's light. I never beheld a more impressive scene than that which presented itself when we were descending an abrupt declivity. Almost at our feet was a valley of most splendid proportions, while a break in the surrounding mountains exposed the distant mountains of Moab, lighted up by the brilliant rays of the luminary of night.

“Soon after daylight we got the first sight of the Dead Sea, between the intersecting mountains. From that point of view it had all the azure tints of

the Sea of Galilee, although when one arrives at its borders, it is generally speaking like a sheet of molten lead. About seven o'clock we began the descent from the mountains immediately surrounding the Western coast. This was the worst part of the road which we had had to pass over, and we congratulated ourselves that it had been determined to send our baggage-mules to the Ras-el-Zouera. I do not think that it would have been possible for them to have conveyed their burdens down this steep, rocky, and narrow pass, at the sight of which our own horses, which we had some difficulty in leading, seemed dismayed and nervous.

"At a quarter to nine o'clock we arrived at the Wady Behareh. Here we had determined to halt for breakfast, for a fine fresh-water stream flows through it, which disappears under the sand about two hundred yards before it reaches the sea. Skirting the mountain side are the remains of an old Roman or Saracenic aqueduct, which possibly had been constructed to convey water from this spring to a fort or large building, a part of the walls of which still exist between the mountain and the sea.

"In this spring we had expected to find fresh-water fish, but we afterwards learnt that it was in another more to the north that a number of these had been caught. Here, however, we found a considerable number of small crabs, some of which we secured. The Wady itself, with its overhanging and precipitous rocks, its tall canes, tropical vegetation, and delight-

ful purling stream, was one of the most charming spots I have ever beheld. Doubtless the freshness and verdure of it was the more delightful from contrast with the surrounding barrenness and desolation. Having refreshed myself by a bath in this delicious stream, the water of which was very pleasant to the taste, we proceeded on our way to the Djebel Esdoun.

“By half-past eleven we reached the plain of El-Zouera, part of which is covered by mimosa and acacia trees. The past rains had served to solidify the ground over which we travelled; and the subsequent fine weather had been sufficient to prevent any slough or swamp. The sunshine, although bright and warm, was not oppressive, so that we had reason to congratulate ourselves on having been permitted to reach this spot under most favourable circumstances. Although we were altogether unarmed, yet we were under none of those apprehensions in passing through these jungles of which M. de Sauley speaks; nor did our guides say anything to us concerning the need of caution and watchfulness. Here we saw water-fowl swimming and diving in the sea, and several pigeons flying from one shore to the other. This was quite sufficient to disprove the popular belief concerning the malignancy of the evaporations which proceed from these waters. To our right was a large opening in the plain, about six or seven feet in diameter, surrounded by a circle of stones. These stones were intended to warn the passer-by of the

proximity of this dangerous cavity, for a camel and its rider had been precipitated into it some time before, and not a trace of them had been discovered. I threw in a stone, but there was not the slightest sound to indicate that it had reached the bottom, or touched the sides in its descent, thus leading us to believe that the opening is of great size and depth. It may enable one to form some conclusions concerning the volcanic character of the country surrounding the Dead Sea, and may even, to some degree, explain the manner in which its waters are carried off.

"We proceeded along the coast to the Cave of Esdoun. Our first object here was to photograph, and we took views of the Dead Sea, with the Mountains of Moab, the line of mountains terminating with the Djebel Esdoun, and the exterior of the cave. Before this cave large massive fragments of rock-salt were lying, which had been detached from the over-hanging mountains. The interior of the cave, although small, is of very beautiful proportions. A large quantity of elegant white salt stalactites were hanging from the roof and sides. Up to these we clambered, and broke off a considerable number, to be conveyed to Jerusalem and England as among the curiosities of the Dead Sea.

"We rode off in the direction of the Ras-az-Zouera. The time of sunset was approaching, and the opposite mountains of Moab were lighted up

with a radiance and exquisite beauty of colouring which cannot be conceived by any but a spectator. In the winter season the shadows are necessarily broader, and bring out in wondrous contrast the rugged outlines and intersecting ravines of the mountain range. From this point of view every colour of the rainbow seemed blended in one harmonious whole, and no delineation can exaggerate its intensity and variety of tint. I do not, at the same time, believe it possible that this scene can be justly represented by the brush of the painter. There is a softness and mellowness about the aspect of the whole that almost gives the impression of a supernatural and unearthly vision. I have seen nothing that can be likened to this bright landscape, except, in some little degree, the view of the Lebanon, as the traveller emerges at sunset from the Sidon road, on to the broad plains of Beyrout.

“The rest of the day’s journey we accomplished for the most part on foot, for our own safety and that of our horses. On one occasion I managed to save my good mare a heavy fall, which in all probability she would have encountered, over a very steep rock. It was necessary to keep a sharp lookout for each other as well as for the bridle-track; for it would have been no matter of surprise if one or other of us had been left to spend the night on the mountains.

“Never were our eyes more gladdened than when,

surmounting some broken ground, a blazing fire presented itself about three hundred yards distant. At last we had reached the Ras-ez-Zouera. Our tent had been pitched, and we had the satisfaction of obtaining a shelter without the preparation and trouble which is generally unavoidable. As I rode up, a brawny handsome Bedouin held up the head of a large gazelle, and with great glee shouted, 'Backsheesh, backsheesh.' As I was anxious to obtain one of these beautiful creatures, I seized the head without any ceremony, intimating that he should have the desired backsheesh. I then requested that the body might be carefully skinned for me, which was done, and I afterwards found that this animal was of a very rare species. The Bedouin had shot it with one of the most simple primitive match-locks that it is possible to conceive. He must have possessed a most practised eye and steady aim to have done this with such a weapon.

"As we were anxious to know how our photographs from the Dead Sea would turn out, we were engaged till a late hour that evening in developing them. In consequence of this, and the fatigues of the past day, it was nearly six o'clock the next morning before we began to stir.

"We were under the impression that it would be impossible to reach Hebron that day. As we had, therefore, made up our minds to pitch our tent that evening at Carmel, generally called 'Nabal's Carmel,' of which we read in 1 Sam. xxv., we

were in no hurry to start. Just as we were on the point of doing this, a circumstance happened which was nearly productive of no little discomfort to myself. All our water had been brought from the Ras-el-Kedar, there being no springs or wells in this part of the mountains. I was giving my mare some water, when one of the mules kicked at her, and off she galloped. Finding herself free she went away at a great pace, sending her heels into the air, as if conscious that she could now set us at defiance. All attempts to catch her in that open country proved useless. Happily she did not choose a road for herself, but watched anxiously to ascertain by what way we should journey. Had she been at all acquainted with this part of the country, it is probable that, if we had ever seen her again, it would have been only when we returned to Jerusalem. I had some difficulty in persuading our Bedouins that I could walk, and that they were therefore to be cautious in their attempts to catch my errant steed. The mare kept well in advance of our party, and it was only by using the greatest tact that one of the men managed to make a circuit and get before her. After we had proceeded about two miles we entered a defile, and then, there being no way of escape, my sagacious steed was secured.

"As the day advanced, we were told by our escort that, if we desired it, it would be practicable to reach Hebron that evening. This was joyful intelligence.

We, of course, determined to do so, since it would enable us to reach Jerusalem in good time the next day.

“About three o’clock we arrived at Nabal’s Carmel. Here were two springs of good water, which afforded delightful refreshment to ourselves and our cattle. The water which had been brought from the Ras-el-Kedar was very bad, but even this had been greatly valued, and during the day economically used. It was a luxury to find ourselves again in the regions of springs. The servant found here that one of the water-skins had been dropped on the road; and as these things are greatly valued by the Bedouins, a youth, who had come with us from Hebron, undertook to ride our servant’s horse in search of the missing skin. He recovered it, but had ridden the poor horse so hard that it excited the unbounded indignation of our muleteer.

“Our Bedouins were now prepared to return to their encampment at the Kharbet-el-Khalyle. They received with great thankfulness the extra ‘back-sheesh’ with which we presented them, and they warmly bid us adieu, with perhaps more coin in their pockets than what they were wont to handle for months together.

“We pursued our way to Hebron full of satisfaction at the expectation that our toilsome journey was soon to terminate. This part of the land is but little cultivated, although it would abundantly repay the labours of the husbandman. Here and

there we started a covey of partridges; or a wolf or jackal crossed our path. The evening was now closing in, and leaving our baggage under the convoy of the servant, we determined to press forward with Sheik Hamsi. We had to pass over much of the same bad road as that which we had traversed on our way from Hebron, only in this case we were without the light of the moon. The surefootedness of our horses was well tested, and it was necessary to leave to them chiefly even the direction in which we should go.

“At about seven o'clock the barking of dogs and a few lights moving about the distant valley apprised us that we were approaching Hebron, and before eight o'clock we were again settled in our old quarters at the Lazaretto. Much of our time was occupied the next morning in settling accounts, and giving sundry extra presents. We did not start for Jerusalem until eleven o'clock, which we safely reached soon after sunset. Our friends there were surprised to hear of what we had accomplished in very little more than five days, and seemed as pleased as ourselves at the success which had attended our expedition. Indeed, it was with no little thankfulness that we recalled the various events of the journey, and the manner in which we had been favoured by the weather and every concomitant circumstance.”

PART III.

At the early hour of three o'clock a.m. on New Year's Day, 1857, a small company, consisting of an American (whose name it is desirable to leave unmentioned), myself, servant, and muleteer, with our baggage mules, might be seen emerging from the Jaffa Gate. It was only the necessity of our losing no time, in the expectation of reaching Beyrout so as to leave by the Austrian steamer, that led to our starting on this day. As it was, we were obliged to attempt the accomplishment of an unusually long day's journey in laying out our plans for arriving at Nablous that evening.

There was, however, something profitable in thus commencing the New Year. It seemed practically to teach us that we were but pilgrims and strangers here. It was for us to seek a better country, and to look forward to that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

The sagacity and experience of our muleteer enabled him to conduct us along the rocky and ill-defined paths by the dim light of the stars. He led the way, and we were followed by my servant, a Hungarian refugee, who, although he had no know-

ledge of English, was acquainted with French, and had a smattering of most of the Eastern languages.

The country was wild, rocky, and for the most part uncultivated. Soon after nine o'clock we reached Bitûn, the ancient Bethel, where are the remains of an ancient church, a fine reservoir, a Mohammedan mosque, and a miserable village. Our time was too precious to admit of our lingering here, and we were content then, and during the rest of the day, to eat as we could from the stores with which we had furnished our saddle-bags. As we proceeded the scenery improved. The amount of land under cultivation was greater, and there were more olive and other trees. The remains of villages are here and there to be traced, the most remarkable of which are those which are supposed to be the ruins of the ancient Shiloh. About four o'clock we reached the magnificent valley that runs parallel with that of Nablous. Every now and then we encountered groups of mounted Arabs, who courteously returned my greeting. But by-and-by we met a man who told our muleteer that there were many Bedouins in front, and recommended him to avoid the most frequented road. Accordingly we passed over to the other side of the valley, travelling along what appeared to be nothing but a sheep track. The day was closing in when we reached the entrance to the Valley of Nablous, and it was nearly seven o'clock ere we arrived at the city. A strange effect was produced by the lights which appeared from the

hill sides. They were emitted from caves, which are inhabited by the peasantry.

On entering Nablous we were assailed by an immense uproar. As we proceeded along the narrow and dark streets the noise increased, when suddenly we came upon a night festal procession of the Mohammedans. It was the occasion of the marriage of one of the chief of their number, and it was being commemorated by the people, who were beating drums, singing songs in honour of the bride and bridegroom, shouting at the top of their voices, and clapping their hands, for the purpose of beating time. A lurid glare was thrown over the scene by men lifting up in the air tins mounted on poles, and filled with burning charcoal. These were every now and then stirred to kindle a flame. Curses were freely muttered against us as we passed, and I knew that the state of Nablous was such that the mob would not be backward in attacking us should we give them the slightest cause. We were, therefore, well pleased to find ourselves at the house of Daoud Tanoos, a native Christian, to whom Dr. Sandresky, of Jerusalem, had given me a letter of introduction.

The hostile feeling of the Moslems of Nablous arose from a circumstance which had taken place a short time before our visit. A missionary from Asia Minor was taking a tour through the land, and on leaving the town, was urged by a Mohammedan youth to reward him for some service which he had never rendered. The missionary refused to do this,

when the youth seized his gun, which happened to be loaded, touched the trigger, and in this way discharged the contents into his own body. He was killed on the spot. The fanatic Moslems assembled, and had the missionary not taken refuge in the house of the Governor he would have been murdered. As it was, the populace attacked the houses of the native Christians, killed two or three of them, and destroyed much property. They had never been punished according to their deserts, and hence they manifested up to that time a most bitter and hostile spirit.

As soon as we had breakfasted the next morning, we retraced our way to the entrance of the valley, to see Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, the scene of the blessings and the curses pronounced by the representatives of the tribes of Israel. Some travellers have asserted that while Ebal is rocky and forbidding in its aspect, Gerizim is all fertility and beauty. But the aspect of both mounts is substantially the same. They are both very rocky and bare. The valley below was looking green and beautiful with the young crops of wheat and barley. On the summit of Gerizim the few Samaritans who still exist celebrate their sacrifices at Easter. Of these the Prince of Wales was a spectator at the time of his visit. The Samaritans number about sixty souls, and as this number is much below what it used to be within the memory of those now alive, in a short time we may expect that all traces of them will disappear.

Between the two mounts is "Jacob's Well." The mouth of it has been blocked up by a Mohammedan, to whom it and the surrounding land belongs. We were told that his object in doing this was to prevent persons from crossing his grounds to look at the well. It is needless to say that he diminished the interest of the structure without attaining his object.

After observing the building which is called the Tomb of Joseph, but which is only a Moslem *wely*, we returned to Nablous. The valley contains the finest olive trees I saw in the land, and the gardens by which the city is surrounded are most beautiful and luxuriant. It is certainly one of the most pleasant spots in the Holy Land.

Our start for Samaria was made at a much later hour than was prudent and desirable. As it will appear, it obliged us to stop at Kibotia that night, when we had laid out our plans for reaching Jeneen. It was past ten o'clock ere we were again *en route*, and 'it was after mid-day when we reached Sebaste, or Samaria. The situation of this city was most judiciously chosen, and in its palmy days its aspect must have been very commanding and beautiful. Built as it was upon a large hill, which rose high above the surrounding valley, it was easy to fortify and defend it from attack. The views from the summit are very fine, especially in the direction of the Mediterranean, looking over the Plains of Jezreel.

My fellow traveller and I ascended the hill, fol-

lowed by a boy, carrying my photographic apparatus. We left our servant and baggage below, as in doing this we diverged from the regular road.

The first architectural object which I observed was the remains of the old church of St. John ; and leaving my companion to proceed elsewhere, I entered the village to take a photograph of this church. I had hardly done so when some children appeared and offered me a few copper coins for sale. These are found by the peasants when ploughing the land, and valuable Jewish and Roman coins are oftentimes obtained. Observing that some of these were good Roman coins, I intimated that I would buy them, but as I knew that it would be a dangerous thing to show my purse, I made them understand that they must wait for payment.

Soon others, including several men and women, appeared, till they must have numbered from thirty to forty. While the photograph was being taken, I examined some more coins which they wished to sell. But the impatience of the others to be paid was so great that I returned them their property, knowing very well that they would follow me down the hill, in order to sell them. A few showed signs of restlessness, and one man, coming up to the camera, deliberately attempted to draw up the slide. I set it straight, and instinctively waving my hand round, brought it into slight contact with his cheek. He as readily returned the compliment, at which, instead of appearing at all angry, I knew it was my

policy to profess to be much amused. But I saw that things were coming to an extremity, and that if I did not decamp they would probably leave me little to take away. So, in a very decided and business-like way, packing up my camera, I bade the boy shoulder the box, and we descended the hill. As I had expected, they followed me, and I was then able to buy their coins on fair terms.

The American having returned, I ascended the hill again to see the fine ruins with which its summit is crowned, and on the western sides of which there are some splendid remains. The structures which stood here were probably built by King Herod. They were of noble proportions, and of great architectural merit. This will appear when I mention that there are about sixty fine pillars still erect, and their position gives one the impression that the buildings to which they belonged must have been on a grand scale. I had not time to linger here, but when retracing my steps two of the men who had been with me in the village came up and professed a desire to show me something that was very fine. I knew that this meant that they wished to get me to come to an out-of-the-way place, where they might rob me at their leisure, and I declined going with them. On this they laid hold of my coat, and I had to strike off their hands with my fists. While they stood somewhat aghast at this, I walked down the hill with a determined air; but after we remounted, my fellow traveller venturing to lag a little behind, he was assailed

by a perfect shower of stones, from which he only escaped by putting his horse to the gallop. The natives who reside at Sebaste are noted for their villany and thievish propensities, so that we were not sorry to get without their reach.

I found at the foot of the hill an unusually well-dressed, good-looking, and well-mounted soldier. I did not know at the time that, seeing us without any *official* protection, he had joined our party. He was going to Jeneen, and doubtless thought that he might as well profit by the *rencontre*. As it happened, we found in him a very useful addition to our party. He told us that it was quite impracticable for us to reach Jeneen that evening, but that he would take us to Kibotia and introduce us to the chief man of the village.

I affected indifference at this suggestion, but the closing day soon convinced us that his proposal was reasonable. Indeed the shades of night were falling fast when we approached Kibotia, which is three hours' ride from Jeneen.

We were riding along a fine and fertile valley, when our soldier suddenly started off at a full gallop. We strained our eyes to see what had attracted his attention, and it was not until he approached the object that we observed a horseman riding beside a woody copse. Whether it was a robber or not I cannot say. He held a short conversation with him, and then, galloping back, intimated that *now* there was no danger to apprehend. What struck us was

the eagle-eyed quickness with which he discerned the horseman in the distance.

The house to which our soldier-friend conducted us was at the head of the village. Passing through the doorway we found ourselves in a small court on the right-hand side of which was the guest-chamber. A fire was burning on the floor which, as soon as possible, we persuaded them to remove. Two holes in the wall served for the admission of light and air, and the apartment itself was hardly removed from the character of a stable. The proprietor, a Turk, received us very courteously, though it was clear that Kibotia had not often been honoured with the visits of Europeans.

We spread our carpets on the terraced floor, and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow. While our servant was preparing some food for us, I proceeded to develop the photographs which I had taken during the day. In the midst of this the chief Effendi of the village came up to pay their respects to us, and after the manner of the land unceremoniously squatted themselves on the floor. It was our part to entertain them with coffee and pipes; but as we showed no intention of doing this, the master of the house had to perform the office. The soldier asked us to let them have some of our raisins and figs, which we allowed. But they seemed so indisposed to leave, that I found it necessary to convey to them, through the servant, an intimation that we would rather have their room than

their company, as we wished to go to rest. It was only then that they not very graciously retired. The mosquitoes were very troublesome, and kept me awake most of the night. At four o'clock I roused all our party, but it was nearly six ere we were again on the road, and full nine ere we reached Jeneen.

We were here told by our muleteer that he was not well acquainted with the road to Tiberias, and that in addition to this, no one ever thought of travelling on that road without the escort of a soldier. His fears were greater than our own, but as our soldier-friend had to leave here, in order to avoid any risk of losing our way, we applied to the commandant of the place for another soldier. He soon appeared, and we pursued our journey.

We had now emerged from the mountain country of Samaria upon the high table-land of the Plains of Esdraelon. These rich and fertile plains extend from the shores of the Mediterranean to the borders of the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee. The immense thistles were proof of its fertility, and the young crops of various grain showed what it was capable of growing. This district, together with that of the coast from the Carmel range down to the borders of Egypt, must always have been the great grain-producing country. The rich valleys in the interior are equally fertile, but the hills would be of value for other productions.

Here our eyes were gladdened by many objects of interest. To the left was the Carmel range of

mountains, at one extremity of which rose the peak which is generally called "the Little Hermon," and which is surmounted by a mosque. Immediately to the right were the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan were slain by the armies of the Philistines. We were riding towards Mount Tabor, which, rising as it does in one grand and isolated peak above the plain, it is no wonder has been regarded as the Mount of the Transfiguration. There is no conclusive evidence of this, but the course of the Scripture narrative seems rather to require that the Mount of the Transfiguration should be to the north of the Sea of Galilee, in the neighbourhood of Cæsarea-Philippi.

By-and-by the hills which border on the Jordan and the Lake of Genesaret became visible. The clear atmosphere of those regions brings objects so distinctly before the eye, that it is most tantalizing to go on hour after hour without reaching the desired point. The almost unbroken plain before us rendered this peculiarly trying in our approach to Tiberias.

A large cavalcade appeared at some distance before us. As we advanced, we saw that it was composed of a company of Turkish soldiers on their way from Jerusalem to Damascus. They were encamping for the night, and we rode through them without anything worthy of notice, except a very fierce battle between the horses of two of the officers, which had incautiously been allowed to

escape from their grooms. It was with the utmost difficulty that they were separated.

It was not till about a quarter to six, and just before sunset, that our expectant eyes rested upon the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee. I never felt a more eager impatience for anything, nor more cheered than when it broke upon our sight through the cleft of the mountains overlooking the lake. The rays of the declining sun were tinging the opposite hills, giving a most lovely aspect to the peaceful waters, which were blue as the unclouded firmament of heaven.

We had full opportunity for noticing its form and proportions as we descended the steep pathway that led to Tiberias. There was something disappointing in its apparent size; but when we consider that it is about seventeen miles in length and about six at its greatest breadth, this may be accounted for by the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, which brings distant objects so distinctly before the eye. With the exception of Tiberias, there is not one of the cities which once graced its coast which can be now satisfactorily traced. A few ruins on the northern side are regarded as those of Magdala, and here and there there are remains that give rise to similar hypotheses; but there is small ground for any of these conclusions. Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, once lifted up to heaven, have been cast down to hell. They regarded not the mission and the miracles of the

Son of God, and all memorials of them have been swept away.

But the outlines of this sacred locality are unchanged. On these shores wandered the incarnate Saviour. These mountains were trodden by his footsteps, and often did he embark upon these waters. Here a very large proportion of his wondrous works were performed, and here he pronounced many of his most beautiful and touching parables. I was struck by the appositeness of the spot at which it appears most probable he spoke that of "the sower and the seed." A little plain lies at the foot of the hills to the north of Tiberias. There I observed a peasant ploughing the land, while another was scattering the seed which he had collected in his loose robe. Even the beaten track across the ground seemed to furnish an additional illustration from which our Lord gathered the materials, with which to give force to the truths which he set forth to the multitude on the shore, from the boat in which he was seated on the lake.

Tiberias is a miserable town. About five thousand souls are collected within its bounds, of which about half are Jews. Its walls, which bear the appearance of having been substantial and well-built, are now for the most part in ruins. But fragments of pillars, and other fine architectural details, which are found along the shore, and are even covered by the waters, testify to its former greatness and beauty. The Jews have a fancy for placing some

of these fragments on their tombs. In their cemetery, which is to the south of the town, there was hardly a tomb on which I did not observe something of the kind.

I had a letter to Mr. Wiseman, of Tiberias, whose house affords a kind of hotel for travellers. It was pleasant and comfortable to rest here after the rough provision we had had on our journey. We ate of the fish with which the lake abounds, which had the flavour and appearance of trout. The fisheries are farmed to some person by the Government; but there is no difficulty in obtaining permission to exercise the craft there.

I felt happy in having the opportunity of spending the Lord's day beside the Sea of Galilee. At an early hour I went out to bathe in its sweet and cool waters, and soon after breakfast we had Divine service, reserving a second service for the close of the day. I had expressed to our landlord a desire to see the Chief Rabbi, and about eleven o'clock his son came in to say that he, accompanied by another Chief Rabbi, who was a Stamboulee, were about to call on us. We had no hesitation in receiving them; and soon, to the number of seven in all, they made their appearance. I never saw such a fine group of men. They were, we were told, of noble descent; and one in particular, a scion of the Abulafia family, was the most handsome man I had ever seen. Our host brought in coffee for them, with which attention they seemed pleased.

My conversation with them being conducted through the medium of my servant, I could not be as free as I should have desired. When they rose to depart they asked us for letters, which they might use as credentials of their state when sending their messengers to Europe and America, and in order that we might do so conscientiously, asked us to accompany them to their chief synagogue and to their college.

We consented to do this, and the curiosity of the people seemed to be excited at seeing us under the guidance of the Chief Rabbis. The synagogue was then in process of being repaired; a marble flooring was being laid, and new lamps put up; and all this they said was at the expense of a rich Jew of Trieste, who had appropriated a large sum for the purpose. It was the handsomest synagogue that I had seen in the country. They then conducted us to their college. As a rabbinical school Tiberias has always stood pre-eminent. It was the last refuge of the Jews under the persecutions that followed their dispersion. The rooms comprehending their library were surrounded by deep shelves containing bound manuscripts. I asked them whether they possessed any of great age, and they produced one, very beautifully written, and which is kept carefully locked up, which they said was 1,700 years old. It appears to be one of the most ancient Targums.

In a small room a venerable Rabbi was engaged in instructing a group of young men. He was

propped up by pillows in one corner of the apartment, and he had all the appearance of extraordinary age. His beard and locks were of silvery whiteness, and he was evidently regarded by the rest with oracular reverence.

About two miles to the south of the town, on the western coast, are the Sulphur Baths, for which Tiberias is celebrated. The natural heat of the springs is very great, and they are the resort of a great number of invalids, for whom regular bath-houses have been built. In these days of locomotion it would be no matter of surprise if these baths became, at some future time, a place of fashionable resort, especially as those most distant from our own shores are generally regarded as those possessing the greatest amount of curative power !

As the day closed in, the clouds began to gather, and everything indicated an approaching storm. After our tea I was lying on the divan, reading the various passages of the New Testament which refer to the Sea of Galilee, when, overcome by the fatigues of the past few days, I fell asleep. It was nearly midnight ere I awoke. The lamp had burnt out, and all was darkness. The rain was coming down in torrents, and the wind howled around our dwelling. It was manifest that a storm was upon the lake, and I could realize how at that time its waters, which we had seen calm and placid, were lashed into waves and foam. The winds come down the channel of the Jordan as

through a funnel, and in a very little time the quiet lake has all the appearance of the troubled ocean.

The whole was most solemnizing to the feelings. Here was the reality of that of which I had been reading; and enshrouded by many sacred reminiscences, the hymn came to my recollection—

“Tossed by rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents meet mine ear?
‘’Tis I, be not afraid.”

I would have given something to have stood by the shores of the lake at that time; but that was impossible. The tempest spent its force during the night, and when we rose, the morning light was tinging the eastern sky, and all was calm and serene.

The ride from Tiberias to Nazareth does not occupy more than five or six hours. It was in this direction that we proceeded, although, had I calculated on the prolonged stay at Beyrout which the delay of the steamer occasioned, I should have been tempted to visit Damascus. Safet, one of the holy cities of the Jews, is most beautifully situated in the mountains on the north of the lake. So prominent is its situation, that it is believed to be the place which served for the illustration employed by our Lord of the “city set upon a hill.” Beyond that, rises the noble Mount Hermon, ten thousand feet above

the level of the sea, topped with perennial snows, and rivalling in height the loftiest peaks of the Lebanon.

The weather was uninterruptedly fine for our future progress. The journey to Nazareth is delightful. Many ruins and remains may be observed by the way, and about three miles east of the city those of a village which was long regarded as Cana of Galilee, where our Lord performed his first miracle. A more careful investigation has identified a village to the north of Nazareth with this most interesting occurrence.

The approach to Nazareth is very beautiful, and when viewed on a fine spring afternoon, imparts to the mind a most lively impression of the scenes amidst which our Lord passed his childhood, youth, and early manhood. A holy calm seems to be spread over the landscape, while the many objects of interest that meet the eye lead at once to the inference that it was the spot most suitable for His preparation for all the blessed work of His ministry. Looking from the summit of the hill which overhangs the modern city, we see before us the Carmel range of mountains, terminated by the striking promontory that bears that name. Here are the visible memorials of those great wonders which God accomplished through His prophet Elijah, when the people were constrained to acknowledge, "The Lord, He is the God." From these hills "that ancient river, the river Kishon," still flows into the

Mediterranean, where the prophets of Baal were slain and the hosts of the Syrians were destroyed. And at the southern extremity "the Little Hermon" is seen, with its mosque-crowned summit.

In the valley below are the sites of Nain, Endor, and Shunem, villages which have a peculiar Scriptural interest; and the Plains of Esdraelon stretch onward to the Mediterranean Sea, where we can trace the Bay of Acre and Caiffa. On our left we have Mount Tabor rising above the plain, and behind us there is our old and constant friend Mount Hermon, and Safet among the mountains. When the ground is carpeted with flowers, and the fields are white unto the harvest, this is a landscape on which we should long delight to gaze.

We rode by the Well of the Virgin through the city which is cleaner than many of a like character. The inhabitants are chiefly Greeks and Latins, whose convents are large and prominent. Mr. Huber, the agent of the Church Missionary Society, was most kindly prepared to receive us; and I was rejoiced to find that Mr. Rodgers, the British Vice-Consul at Caiffa, whose acquaintance I had previously formed in England, had taken advantage of some call of duty to use the opportunity for meeting me. A little time was taken up in photographing, and then we proceeded to examine the neighbourhood. The summit of the hill has many ancient remains, and there can be little doubt that it was the original site of the city. With this conclusion harmonizes the

formation of the ground in relation to the spot down which the vindictive Nazarenes attempted to cast our Lord (Luke iv. 29). This is on the brow of the hill, and is a precipice of about fifty or sixty feet in height. It is the only spot that can be made to correspond with this description, and is at the present time surrounded by a row of the prickly-pear.

I had the agreeable companionship of Mr. Rodgers in my journey the next day to Caiffa, and the additional advantage of being received by him at his house. In all local matters I could not have had a better informant. We took the road by Safir-amer, one of the villages in Upper Galilee in which agricultural Jews reside. The most remarkable statements are made by these Jews concerning their origin and descent. They possess property in the villages and neighbourhood, and, according to their account, they have never been banished from the land of their fathers. The Druses, who are also occupants of these parts, attest what the Jews assert; and the fact that they only speak pure Arabic seems favourable to these ideas. But Mr. Rodgers thought that they were Algerine Jews, who, some centuries ago, had migrated from North Africa to their own land.

Having taken a photograph of Safir-amer, with its Turkish castle, we rode down to the plain, where here and there the gazelles were seen bounding away from the presence of the intruders. I found a

small tortoise near the coast, and put it in a tin case, in which I succeeded in bringing it alive to England.

We crossed the deep and swift-flowing Kishon, and passing by the orange and fruit gardens of Caiffa, reached the neat little town. Under the escort of the *cavass* of Mr. Rodgers, I proceeded to the convent on Mount Carmel, which has long preserved its celebrity. The ascent is very steep, and the prospect from it extremely beautiful. The Mediterranean rolls in at the very foot of the mountain; and Acre, at the extremity of the bay that bears its name, is a most picturesque object.

My host had a gathering of friends that evening, among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Koelle, whom I had known in England. I managed to retire ere it became late; for since we planned reaching Tyre the following day, an early start was essential.

A ride of three hours brought us next morning to Acre. Fragments of wrecks strewed the coast, and at two places the remains of the hulls of small vessels which had foundered on the sands—driven on shore by gales—were lying high above the waters. The wind unceremoniously carried my hat into the sea; and since it was a new one and would have been a loss not easily replaced, I waded in after it very determinedly, and managed to recover it.

Acre is a place of historical note. It has seen many sieges, but in none has it played so distinguished a part as in that in which the world-

renowned conqueror Napoleon Bonaparte was worsted and driven back from its walls. Its Turkish defenders would have striven in vain to effect this, had they not been so ably seconded by our fleet under the command of Sir Sidney Smith.

Near Acre are the remains of a fine aqueduct, which has the reputation of being the work of Sultan Selim. I should, from its appearance, have given it a Roman origin, especially as in this locality are extensive remains of the old Roman road. Wherever we meet with them such remains are hindrances rather than helps to the traveller. The large blocks of stone of which they were formed, being loose and disjointed, are very troublesome to the horses and baggage-mules.

We stopped at some gardens about five miles from Acre, to buy a few oranges. These were of a small and inferior kind, but cheap enough, since, with the advantage which the native would doubtless take of the travelling Europeans, we paid for them only at the rate of about ten for a penny.

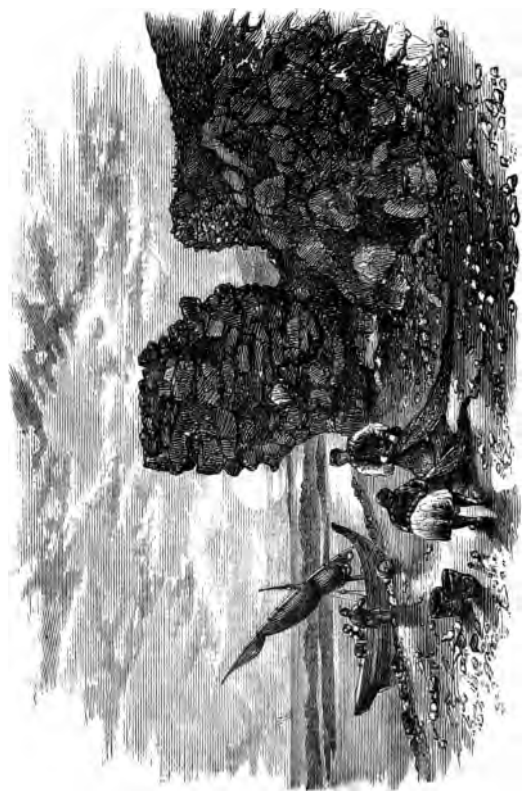
The White Cape is a lofty promontory situated nearly midway between Acre and Tyre. It commands a fine prospect on each side, and from the winding road on the summit we took a last glance at Carmel, Nazareth, the mountains of Galilee, and the other pleasant spots through which we had been passing. Some grand pieces of rock scenery are presented on the Tyre side, where the surging waves rush into little creeks which lie immediately below us at the

depth of many hundred feet. And there were some parts of the narrow path where much care was necessary in riding so as to avoid accidents.

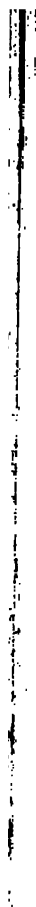
We could here see the projection of low land on which Tyre is built, and the lower chain of the Lebanon beginning to appear inland. By-and-by we descended to the sands, which were firm and hard for riding, but it was past seven o'clock ere we reached the miserable little town, which is known by the modern name of Sôir. We had the advantage of the moon, and a strange effect was produced by the light, which on the one hand gave the sands the appearance of plains of snow, while on the other the waves were bounding against the shore.

At the house of a Greek at Sôir, accommodation is obtained for travellers. This is both indifferent and costly, and our host made, moreover, ineffectual attempts to induce me to buy sponges and coins at exorbitant prices.

A refreshing bath in the clear sea commenced the day. I gathered some pieces of tessellated pavement, and a quantity of pretty little shells, which abound on this part of the coast. Several fine specimens of granite columns and other remains were embedded in the sand; and close to these are the massive ruins of part of what was called New Tyre. The remains of Old Tyre are seen projecting above the water several hundred yards from the shore. Alexander the Great first took New Tyre, and was only able to get possession of the old city after a prolonged siege,



RUINS OF ANCIENT TYRE.



by building a mole with which to connect it with the shore.

The harbour must have been one of the best on the coast; and even when I was there, vessels of some burden were anchored in it. But in the main, fishing boats are the largest vessels which are seen here. Many fishermen were plying their trade; and the nets hung out to dry, forcibly impressed our minds with the thorough fulfilment of Scripture prophecies.

In the harbour enormous blocks of solid masonry rise above the waters. They look like huge sentinels in the sea, and give to the mind an imposing idea of what must have been the strength and massiveness of the ancient walls and buildings. This will appear when we consider how many centuries they have resisted the fury of the elements.

After taking three photographs, we prepared for our start for Sidon. The distance to be traversed was less than that of the preceding day, and I stimulated the tardy movements of our muleteer by telling him that if we reached Sidon in time for my photographic proceedings, that we would start for Beyrout at an early hour the next morning.

Near midway I observed about two hundred yards from the road some ruins, to which I rode in order to inspect them. One perfect column and another broken shaft were still standing, and fragments of other pillars were scattered about. The whole had the appearance of having formed a beautiful little Grecian

temple; but I am not enough of the antiquary to give a conclusive opinion respecting it.

As we rode along the rocky paths, where hour after hour we did not meet a soul, I noticed a solitary figure near the sea-coast. It was a Mohammedan (probably a shepherd), who was spreading his mat for prayer. What a lesson did this teach of the superior zeal and devotion, over ourselves, of those who have not the blessing of a pure faith, and who know nothing of our Christian privileges! I have seen the Moslem so engaged on the crowded deck of a steamer. I have seen the servant waiting at the door for his master thus busied in his devotions. At an early hour, regardless of the presence of others, I have observed the dignified Moslem priest occupied in a similar manner on board the Turkish steamer. And here in the wilderness, apart from all human habitation, and almost without the reach of human observation, the Mohammedan does not forget his duty, and what he conceives to be his privilege. Would that professing Christians were equally prepared to acknowledge Him whose they are and whom they serve!

The approach to Sidon, and the whole aspect of the city, far exceeds in beauty and attractiveness that of Tyre. While the latter, moreover, is now a miserable representation of a once great and magnificent city, the former still preserves some claim to substantial prosperity. At Tyre there is no trade, but at Sidon there is a considerable export of silk, gall-nuts, and other productions. The neighbourhood of Tyre is

bare and unsightly; but Sidon, situated upon a picturesque eminence, is surrounded by groves of orange and well-cultivated gardens. The houses at Tyre are not such as to dignify it with the title of a town of the most humble pretensions; but those at Sidon, although inferior in our European estimation, are, nevertheless, substantial and well built when regarded in the light of other Eastern cities.

I was struck, when riding through the gardens, with the remains of a granite column with a Latin inscription, but I had not time to attempt to decipher it. As we rode round the eastern side of the city, I observed the remains of the castle which is supposed to have been built by Louis IX. of France. Sidon has seen many revolutions, and has been in the hands of a variety of masters. It has been destroyed and rebuilt, and its once excellent harbour filled up through the wanton ignorance of a mountain chieftain. The remains of the great mole which formed this harbour are still in existence, and are so far perfect that I conceive that, without any extraordinary expense, it is capable of being restored to its former state. At the present time only boats of a moderate size can ride in its waters.

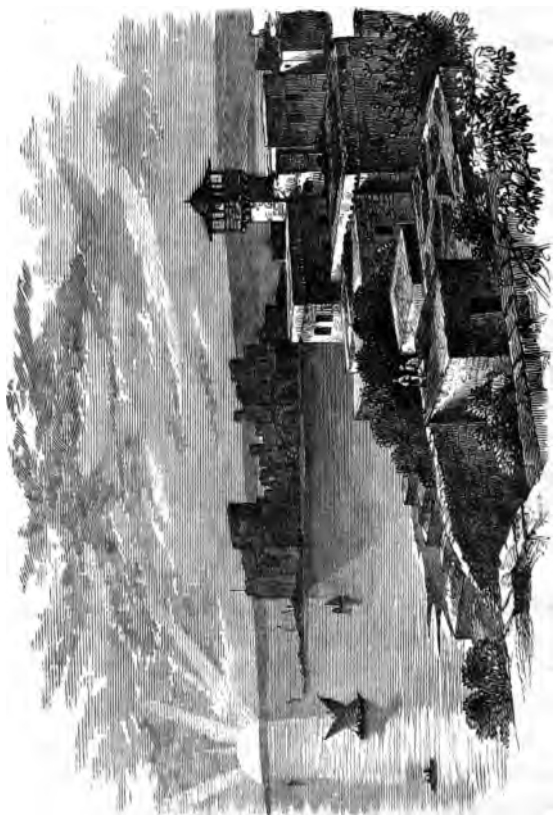
We entered the town by the north gate, and at once proceeded to the French *Khan*. This name is probably given to it because there resides the French Vice-Consul, whose acquaintance I formed. He was most courteous, showed me many rare and valuable coins; and was anxious that I should delay my de-

parture for Beyrout, so as to visit with him the fine mausoleums in the vicinity. This, however, I was unable to do.

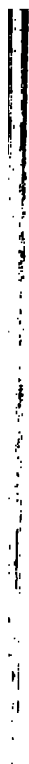
The *Khan* is of great size. I secured some of the best rooms in it, in which were some pieces of furniture belonging to the *custode*, and for the use of which I paid a small sum. I had only time to ascend to the roof and take one photograph ere sunset, and to enjoy the fine prospect and delightful sea air. In this view were embraced the Moslem mosque and the fine old castle, which is built on a little island, and is connected with the land by a succession of arches. It is supposed to date from the time of the Crusades, and it has, probably, even an earlier origin. But its exterior is still complete, and its continued preservation in a land where the monuments of the past are so neglected and so soon destroyed, is an evidence of its strength and solidity.

In the evening I paid a visit to Mr. Thomson, the American missionary, who had spent many years of his life at Sidon. He has since that time published a work called "The Land and the Book."

I took two more photographs ere we started the next morning. The most interesting and desirable course to pursue is to journey from this place to Baalbec, thence to proceed to Damascus, and to reach Beyrout by passing over the Lebanon by way of the cedars. Had I calculated on the detention which took place at Beyrout, I should certainly have pursued this plan. In doing so I should have avoided



SIDON, WITH THE ANCIENT CASTLE.



the most uncomfortable part of the journey. The ride between Sidon and Beyrout is most tedious and irksome. Almost the whole distance is over soft, deep sands, into which the horses and baggage-mules sink above their fetlocks, or very rough stones. This is uninterruptedly so, and there is nothing on the road worthy of notice. It is, therefore, easy to imagine with what delight, on rounding a projecting spur of the lower mountain range, we saw before us the plains of Beyrout and the majestic Lebanon. The afternoon sun was thrown upon the mountain chain, and it developed the undulating outlines with a clearness, and the colours with a brilliancy hardly inferior to that of the mountains of Moab. The villages, with their white dwellings, seemed to crest every hill; and from the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, they were brought into very deceitful proximity with the range of vision. It was hardly possible to conceive that they were so distant as we knew them to be.


Beyrout is surrounded by very extensive gardens, and some of the finest fir groves I have ever seen. The soil is light and sandy, and of a deep red colour. About sunset we entered this, the most important and thriving city in Syria. There is little to distinguish its arrangements from other Eastern towns, but there is great activity in trade and commerce. In the harbour were anchored a considerable number of steamers and merchantmen, and caravans were

continually arriving in the town from Damascus and other more eastern places.

I took up my quarters at the Belle Vue Hotel, which even in our European estimation is entitled to the designation. The early morning was occupied in taking some photographs, and I then proceeded to deliver my letters of introduction to Mr. Moore the Consul-General, and to Mr. Heald the banker. For six months no clergyman had been at Beyrout, and I readily accepted the invitation of the former to have a service at the Consulate on the afternoon of the following day (Sunday), and after that to baptize the young child of Colonel Churchill.

I attended the morning service at the American chapel. The preacher was a Welsh minister whom I had met at Rome. Mr. Heald afterwards accompanied me to the Consulate, where we had Divine service, and I preached to a small audience. I was then escorted by Colonel Churchill to his house, at which I baptized his little boy. His second wife is a Maronite lady, and her eldest daughter, a beautiful young girl of fifteen, is married to an Ameer, the Prince Abdallah. The duties of this day were most interesting as well as unique.

We heard at the American chapel that Dr. Eli Smith, who had for thirty-one years laboured in connection with the American Board of Missions in Syria, had just breathed his last. This sad event greatly distressed the Protestant community, especially as his great work, the revised translation of the Bible



into Arabic, was still incomplete. I was present at his funeral on the following day. It was attended by all the Protestants, including the Consul-General and his son, and the chapel was densely crowded. Addresses in English and Arabic were delivered by Messrs. Colquhoun, Forde, and Bird. I dined afterwards at the Consul-General's, who was most kind and attentive. My acquaintance, too, with Mr. Heald and his family, was most enjoyable, and I was indebted to them for much that was pleasureable during my stay at Beyrout.

Finding that a Turkish steamer, the *Vasitag Cidjaret*, would leave on the same day as the Austrian boat, I determined to go in her. The unexpected delay was very trying, but it afforded me opportunities of seeing and doing many things which were both profitable and interesting. Among these was a trip to Abeeh, the American Mission settlement in the Lebanon, to which I had been invited by Mr. Colquhoun. My escort was one of the students of the training institution there, who obtained permission to accompany me on my return to town. I dined with Mr. Forde, the missionary, at Beyrout, and was also present at the examination of the schools. I was led to form a very favourable judgment of the children's aptitude for knowledge, as well as the advanced state of their attainments. At last, on the 16th of January, 1857, I embarked on board the fine Turkish steamer, and bid adieu to "the Land of Promise." I was the only first-class

passenger, and probably on this account was treated with great consideration by the captain. On our arrival at Cyprus, the Pasha, with all his family, came on board, being passengers to Constantinople. It afforded me an unexpected opportunity of seeing the private life of the high-class Turks. But although my visits to Rhodes, Smyrna, and other places, were full of incident, it is not my intention to deviate from the plan of circumscribing my narration to the Holy Land.

The retrospect of this tour is most instructive and interesting. The purchase of the farm at Jaffa, the tour to the south side of the Dead Sea, the visit to the mosques at Jerusalem, with the opportunity afforded me of taking photographs within the precincts, were objects each of which was worthy of such a journey. And the light which has been shed thereby over the inspired word, is of inestimable value when viewed in relation to ministerial usefulness. The remembrance of the past only kindles a more ardent desire to revisit the scenes of such unbounded and lasting interest.

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